

THE AMERICAN

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WEEKLY NOTES.

THE cabinet-makers are still hard at work, ransacking the available material in the Republican party, and bringing into light some very great men, of whose claims the public had been ignorant. The richest suggestion we have seen, is that reported to the *New York Times* by its Philadelphia correspondent, that Mr. M. S. Quay, having retired from the contest for the senatorship, the Cameron interest will probably be used to secure him a place in the Cabinet.

Mr. Garfield's choice of men for his Cabinet will be somewhat narrowed by the fact that the party has been indulging in the habit of electing its best men to senatorships. Mr. Edmunds would have been a first-rate Cabinet Minister, but his senatorship for six years more will have large attractions. The same is true of Mr. Dawes, who would have been an excellent man for the Interior Department. He has taken a deeper and truer interest in the Indian question than any other man in Congress. Mr. Harrison seems likely to be the new senator from Indiana, and Mr. Sherman's chances for the Ohio senatorship are brighter than those of any other candidate. And before "the ides of March" the senatorial lightning will probably have struck several other equally prominent points.

THE West is putting forward several candidates for the Interior Department, notably Gen. Hitchcock. It declares that the need of the hour is a man who will administer that Department "in accordance with Western ideas." If we are not mistaken, that Department has been administered for years past in accordance with Western ideas, but with results which have caused grief and shame to all the humane portion of the American people. If Mr. Schurz's ideas are not Western ideas, we fail to discover their local source. They are certainly not Eastern ideas, nor the ideas of any other part of the Christian world, outside the Mississippi Valley. Perhaps it would be as well to give Western ideas a holiday, and to try the effects of civilized ideas upon the management of the Indian tribes. We would suggest that Mr. Garfield might do New England the honor of taking some thorough Yankee for the Interior Department. If Mr. Dawes is not eligible, there are others of the same stuff in Massachusetts. Of Western men, there is but one who has both the requisite ability and the confidence of those who wish well to our Indian wards. It is Bishop Clarkson of Nebraska.

OUR Civil Service reformers took the opportunity of Mr. Garfield's visit to Washington, to read him a lecture on their favorite theme. Most of the points they made were excellent and forcibly put. We see no evidence, however, that they are as yet aware of the great blunder by which they have imperilled one of the greatest of political reforms. They want the next President to go on as they have begun, to continue the Chinese examinations, to accept these for what they are not, viz., tests of practical capacity, and to try to debar our office-holders from exercising political rights inherent in every American citizen. We looked to Mr. Garfield's reply for some evidence that, while rejecting their plans, he has seen his way to some more sensible method. We must confess our disappointment. He does, indeed, clear up an ambiguity in his letter of acceptance. The "permanence" of tenure at which he then hinted

means no more than permanence during the term for which his commission runs. That this would be of but scanty value under the present condition of things, is only too evident. It would be of great value if the other branches of the Civil Service were on the footing now held by the Bureau of Internal Revenue, where the commissions of appointment specify no date of expiring.

WE think Secretary Thompson showed but little judgment in his treatment of H. B. M. ship, the *Sandringham*. It was quite right to extend to a British vessel in distress, though injured at sea, the courtesies of the Norfolk Navy Yard, and to give her, by courtesy, a precedence over our own vessels. But it was a blunder to withdraw these courtesies and to order her out of the yard, because her captain indulged in profane abuse of the country whose kindness he was accepting. It was not to the captain of the *Sandringham*, it was to the British nation that we were rendering these services. And the authorities of that nation might have been trusted to take proper cognizance of the captain's gratuitous insults. There has been, certainly, of late years, no want of readiness in that quarter, to consult our sensibilities and preferences. The attitude of the British admiralty towards our insignificant navy, is very different from what it was in the opening decades of the century. The act of the Secretary of the Navy seems to indicate a want of confidence in our power to secure redress to our honor by diplomatic means. And it inaugurates an era of mutual discourtesy, from which both countries may suffer, while neither will gain anything.

THE new treaties with China seem to give great satisfaction at Washington, but as yet the public is told no more than that we have regained the power to regulate Chinese immigration to the Western Continent, and have, at the same time, secured an advantageous treaty of commerce with China. The former result should be a source of gratification to us, as enabling us to put an end to evils which threatened to become a source of sectional alienation between the Pacific Coast States and the rest of the country. Of course the power thus acquired will not be exercised in just the fashion that California or Nevada would employ it. But it will be employed to remove local discontent and heartburnings, and even real grievance on the part of the white workmen, although we shall have to abandon the boast that our

Free latch-string never was drawn in
Against the poorest of old Adam's kin.

As for Mr. Evarts's commercial treaty with China, our feelings are of a more mixed character. Commercial treaties of the ordinary sort are wrong in principle. They involve a usurpation of the powers of the House of Representatives, on the part of the Senate and the Executive. They change the fiscal law of the land, without giving any voice in the matter to the body which most directly represents the people. They alter revenue laws without consulting the only body which has the constitutional right to originate revenue laws. They are equally mischievous on diplomatic and economical grounds. They introduce an age-long struggle for unfair advantages, such as at the present moment is perplexing the diplomacy of Europe. They place an obstacle in the way of each country following current indications as to what is best

in the adjustment of fiscal burdens. They stereotype fiscal legislation, not by securing a basis so good that no one wishes to change it, but by making the worst as incapable of change as the best, until the expiration of the treaty.

All these objections will lie against the new treaty, if it be a commercial treaty of the ordinary sort. For that kind of arrangement we fear Mr. Evarts has a weakness. But if it be merely an arrangement as to removing discriminating duties, opening ports to commerce, adjusting harbor dues, and similar matters, it may be of the greatest use to both countries.

GENERAL WALKER has shown himself the sensible man we always supposed him to be, by giving orders for a recount of the most suspected parts of South Carolina. The methods which he had already adopted to verify the first count, while quite satisfactory to experts, were of too recondite a nature to satisfy the public of their sufficiency. And in a Democratic country like ours, it is well not only to do the right thing, but, if it be possible, to do it in a way the country will understand and appreciate. Besides, the difficulties in the way of accepting the South Carolina figures were much greater than General Walker seemed to appreciate. It was of course quite conceivable that the census of 1870—which was taken under the rule of the Reconstruction government, at a time when the prospect of a restoration of white rule seemed infinitely remote—did not receive any very cordial aid from the white people of the State. They had no interest in making a full exhibit of their strength, when that would only increase the representation of their enemies in Congress and in the electoral college. But the census of 1880 is not in conflict merely with that of 1870. It conflicts with all the previous ones. It exhibits a growth in some quarters greater in ten years than in the previous thirty or forty years. And it exhibits this remarkable growth at a time when the political morality of the ruling class in the State—the only class represented among the census officials—is confessedly so low that their returns as regards other counts are trusted by no one. It is their own papers that tell us that the reform most needed in South Carolina is “a free vote and a fair count” in its elections. In these circumstances it was nothing less than legitimate to call their surprising returns in question. If they are confirmed by the Northern enumerators, who will do the work over again, it will show that all the previous censuses have been untrustworthy, and that for the first time the National Government's methods and machinery have been sufficient for the work.

It is reported that the Census Bureau finds great difficulty in ascertaining the numbers of the Indians on the reservations, and that this part of the work cannot be completed before next year. It is also said that some of the Indian agents show no disposition to aid in the work, while the superstitions and other fears of the tribes are excited by the display of interest in their numerical strength. We do not wonder at the lower class of agents evincing such a disposition as this. It is not their interest that their accounts should be treated in this way, and the actual number of their wards compared with that given in their reports and their requisitions. We should wonder just as little if our Almshouse authorities hated to see an enumerator's face, and hoped he would be content to take the number of their wards from the books, instead of wanting to count noses.

A MEMBER of the Society for Political Education objects to our statement of its attitude towards Free Trade. He denies that there is any purpose for the special propagation of Free Trade ideas. He admits the accuracy of our criticism on the list of members and the list of books, yet says that this was not intended, but “it so happened.”

Let us suppose that the claims of the Roman Catholic Church were agitating the community, and that a Society for the Religious Education of the People, after the Chatauqua model, had been started in New York. It has put forth no platform of principles. It elected no president. But as we look down the list we find its membership made up of such men as Mr. James McMaster, Father Preston, Mr. Boyle O'Reilly, and Mr. Daniel Dougherty. We also find that where a strongly Protestant community is to be represented, the men prominent before that community as the representatives of its religious interests are passed by, and a Roman Catholic, of no weight or importance is selected. It furnishes its constituency with a list of books, which includes Dr. Ewer's “Protestantism a Failure,” Newman's “Grammar of Assent,” Liguori's “Glories of Mary,” Mohler's “Symbolik,” and the like. Some one remarks that this looks like the old Catholic Publication Society under a new name, and that its evident intention is to Catholicize the American people. What would be thought if he were answered: “No; that is not the intention. It is true that the members are chiefly Catholics, and that these, with one possible exception, are Catholic books. But *it so happened.*”

WE do not complain of these Free Traders for leaving Protectionists and Protectionist books off their list. We only complain of their want of candor. They were quite right in their exclusiveness. On whatever else we differ, on this we must agree, that the teaching of one party is meat and that of the other poison. We only differ as to which is which. Roman Catholics and Protestants agree on about seven propositions out of every ten in theology. It is true that they often dwell much more on the three on which they differ, than on the seven on which they agree; but they have a large basis of agreement. Of the thousands of important propositions in Economic Science, we know of but two on which both sides to this controversy are generally agreed. They are that value is a different thing from utility, and that indirect taxation, except to discourage consumption, is inadvisable. Yet no sensible man thinks of proposing that Protestants and Roman Catholics shall coöperate in the religious education of the people. Still more absurd would it be for Free Traders and Protectionists to unite in setting before the people an intellectual report, which each must regard as made up partly of wholesome food, and partly of nearly undiluted poison.

WHAT the present Congress will do in its last session is a matter of much interest. The leaders seem to promise a quiet and unexciting session, in which the appropriation bills will be passed, and little else. But the Democratic leadership in the House is so weak that there is no certainty of any programme being carried out. There is every reason to fear that the session will be more partisan and exciting than the last. What has kept the Democrats of the House on their good behavior for some time past, was the fear of doing anything that might prejudice their cause in the struggle for the Presidency. The elections which followed the extra-session gave them a warning of a change in the national temper, and imposed quiet and silence on their worst elements. But that fear and relative hope have gone together. They have no such motive for good behavior now.

We shall regret it, if the Democrats lose the chance of distinguishing themselves by public-spirited legislation. There are a great many large interests which demand their attention. Foremost among these is legislation for the regulation of inter-state commerce. The nation should exercise some supervision of the great corporations to whom the public have made vast concessions. It should see that their charges are justly imposed and fairly distributed. It should insist on a uniform and satisfactory system of annual reports, for the protection of purchasers and holders of stocks and bonds.

Next to this is the revision of the tariff. Mr. Eaton's bill providing for such a revision, stands first on the docket of the House. It should be passed with one important amendment. As it now reads, it requires the commission to report to the present Congress, after making a careful survey of our whole industries. That, of course, was only possible in case the bill had become a law at the last session. The report must now be made to the ensuing Congress. Besides this, the sugar duties and the malt duties seem to call for immediate action. Both of these are very difficult of adjustment. The sugar duties require action which does not turn upon any question of Free Trade or Protection, but on the best method of readjusting those now in force, without injuring any especial interest, and without leaving openings for fraud on the revenue. Our sugar refiners divide into two classes, those who use the finer and those who use the coarser grades of imported sugars. Between these two there is a hot dispute as to the right incidence of duties. We incline to the belief that the latter have the better case, and that the proposals of the former would inflict gross injustice.

As to the malt duty, there seems to be a difference, not of interest, but of opinion as to the legislation called for. The bill laid before the House last session by the brewers is said not to command, at present, their unanimous support.

ON the need of a National Bankrupt Law, we have already spoken at length. There is no less need of a National Education Law, giving aid to the different States on the basis of the illiteracy disclosed by the census. Some will declaim against such assistance, as unfair to the States which have already educated their people at their own expense. On grounds of bare and mere justice, there may be some reason for that objection. But there are higher objects in government than bare justice. There is often wisdom in going beyond that. We cannot afford to tolerate popular ignorance in any part of the country. We are all in one boat, and we must take care of each other and help each other. And if this work of educating the people cannot be effected in one way, it must be accomplished in another. We cannot allow trifles to stand in the way. We are rich enough to afford it and never feel it. It will bring us in a return from which every part of the country will derive a benefit far beyond its cost.

Similar to this is the need of a National Geological Survey. We have been doing much for the Territories in this regard. The States have as great a need of it and as much right to it. It is true that we have State surveys—our own State the very best. But State lines and geological lines do not coincide. A national survey could do the work both cheaper and better than the States can. It need not even supersede those conducted by the States, and it certainly would not be in their way. Mr. Clarence Cook, the head of the consolidated surveys in the Territories, appeals for the extension of his field of labors. It would be but penny-wisdom to refuse.

WE hear of a plan to divide Texas into two, or even three, States. Some of our Republican contemporaries speak of it as "a Bourbon plot" to increase the power of the Democracy in the United States Senate. We think that way of looking at the matter is altogether an unwise one. Texas, like Kansas and other large and growing Western States, must, sooner or later, be divided into several States. The time, the manner, the simultaneousness of such division is a matter for equitable arrangement. It can be so effected as to give no cause for offence on either side. Of course the new States should not be recognized until their population is such as to entitle them to a fair representation in the House as well as two members of the Senate; and it would not be unfair to lay down some standing rule on this subject, which should apply to all new States, whatever their political complexion. There is no need

for any irritation or alarm in this matter. We have more faith in the future of the country than to suppose that the control ever will pass permanently from the States which believe in political equality and free industry, and which emphasize the national unity.

THE election leaves a heritage of trouble in several of the Southern States. In the Shoestring district of Mississippi, several Democratic politicians are under arrest for violating the national election laws, in the measures by which Mr. Chalmers was once more returned to Congress by the small white minority of that district. These proceedings are the less invidious on the part of the government, as it was a Democratic paper, the *Vicksburg Herald*, which effected the exposure of the practices in question, and held their authors up to public reprobation. We do not see that the administration could do otherwise than order these arrests. As all reasonable Southerners now admit, it has pursued a policy of fairness and conciliation towards the South. It has dealt with them just as Mr. Gladstone has tried to deal with the Irish people. But just as Mr. Gladstone is bound to put down assassination by every legal means, and to do his utmost to put a stop to the outrages on cattle and other property, so Mr. Hayes is bound by his oath of office to enforce every law on the national statute book, and to punish every offender against those laws. To the people of the North these statements seem mere truisms. But we regret to say that it is not so with a large part of the people of the South. They will regard their arrest and prosecution as giving ample evidence of the undying hatred of the Radicals to their section, and regard the criminals as martyrs to the Southern cause.

IN Florida similar proceedings may be expected, and were begun, indeed, some time ago, but were interrupted for a time by mob violence. In the Fifth District of Louisiana, there is a dispute in progress between Mr. King, the Member of Congress for that district, and Mr. Lanier, the Collector of Internal Revenue, who was also the Republican candidate for Congress. Mr. Lanier declares that his life is in danger because of his political sentiments, while Mr. King protests to the President against troops being sent to his defence, and declares that it is perfectly quiet. It is not easy to pronounce upon the merits of the dispute at this distance. Mr. Lanier, however, has some facts on his side. One is the very recent assassination of the principal Republican editor of the district, and the failure to bring the murderers to justice, although the deed was committed under circumstances which must have made its perpetrators known to a large number of persons. Another is Mr. King's unfairness as regards secondary facts, such as Mr. Lanier's relation to the State Treasury. On the whole, the presence of a small body guard of troops would not be wasted in that district, nor would their appearance there be, as Mr. King phrases it, an invasion of the district. The Fifth District of Louisiana is believed to have belonged to the United States since 1804.

SOME of our Southern exchanges talk very freely of a re-alignment of parties, a political reconstruction, a breaking up the solidity of the two sections; but they evidently regard it as the duty of the North to take the first step. We are surprised at the want of statesmanlike perception in this way of putting the case. Who ever saw a victorious army disband while the defeated one was still under arms? It is true that the North does not relish the existence of sectional lines of division in our politics. But it is by no means true that its dissatisfaction with them is so great as to lead it to sacrifice the ends for which it became solid. It is not solid against a Solid South. It is solid against the methods by which the South was made solid. That it regards as the radical evil of the political situation. In that it finds the justification of its present attitude of resistance and condemnation. Change those methods.

Give us the "fair vote and honest count" the Charleston *News* speaks about. Restore the Southern States to the area of free speech and public discussion. That is all that is asked. That done, the South may remain solid as the monopoly of its wealth, intelligence and political experience by the Democratic party may be expected to make it. The North has no right to object to any such solidity as that, or to ask any re-alignment of party.

THE Southern people in several of the States fear that this step would lead to the restoration of the negro government. There is such a danger, unless they can manage to attach the negroes to their side, as Mr. Mahone did in Virginia, by giving them assurance of protection and of fair treatment. The prison and chain-gang system, for instance, in several of the Southern States is disgraceful to the humanity of those States. The shameful administration in Georgia is the worst blot on the name of the State. Let it be made an issue in State politics,—a direct, not an incidental issue. Let the anti-Bourbon elements unite with the colored people for its suppression. At once the kernel of a new party, led by Southern white men and supported by the colored vote, would be formed. It would not be a Republican party. It would have no alliance with the carpet-baggers. If it made the honest treatment of State debts a second plank in its platform, and universal popular education a third, it would furnish us with an ideal Southern party. To such a party, no Republican Administration, we believe, would offer any antagonism. There would be no efforts from without to create or strengthen a Southern Republican party against it. It would furnish just that transition from a false to a sound position, which the best men in the South desire.

WE may offer yet another suggestion. Wherever there has been *universal* suffrage in any part of the world, it has been *equal* suffrage also. But this is not necessary. Prof. Lorimer, of Scotland, suggests a system of universal but unequal suffrage, by which each voter shall have a vote proportional to his social weight and political importance. He would give every man one vote simply as a man. He would give him a second if he had acquired the three R's. He would give him a fourth if he had obtained a liberal education. He would add a fifth if he had entered one of the professions and was discharging its duties. He would add yet other votes in proportion to the man's yearly income—say one for every thousand dollars. In this way he would have the voting to give an exact representation of the personal force and worth of the votes, and of his power to influence society in other ways than by voting. He quotes a saying of Emerson: "If you represent numbers only, money will represent itself by bribery. If you represent money only, numbers will represent themselves by violence and extermination." Why could not some such plan be tried in South Carolina. It would run counter to no provision of the Constitution. It would enact no race injustice. It would leave those upper rounds of the political ladder as open to the black as to the white. It would give the exceptional black man the opportunity of distinguishing himself. And yet it would readjust the false balance now created by merely equal suffrage, which gives to mere numbers a political weight out of all proportion to their political capacity and sufficiency. It might have the further effect of awakening among all classes a wholesome and vigorous competition for the educational qualifications which would then add to political power.

Who would have expected that it would be in the State of Maine, that carelessness in election returns would again make the choice of a Governor doubtful? And yet so it is. The lesson of their recent disagreements has had so little effect, that if the Republican Governor and his Council chose to apply with strictness the rules laid down by the State laws, Mr. Plaisted, the Greenback and Democratic Governor-elect, would never be vested with his

office. This, we are confident, will not be done. The sound principles laid down by the Supreme Court in the previous case, and hailed with joy by every Republican, should be applied without hesitation. What the people evidently meant to have done should be done, whatever the technical defects in the expression of their opinion. Indeed, the Republicans cannot afford to do otherwise. It is not as if they had suffered, through Governor Garcelon and his Council, the loss of the offices to which they had been elected, and were now taking their revenge. On the contrary, they were invested with those offices on the very grounds which they would be refusing to recognize if they kept Mr. Plaisted out of the governorship. It is not a question of magnanimity, it is one of common decency.

Substantially the same principle applies to the question raised as to Governor Plaisted's election by a plurality instead of a majority. At the election before the last their own candidate had a plurality only, and the Legislature, by a fusion of Democrats and Greenbackers, gave the seat to the candidate of the latter. Against this they complained loudly. They asked the people of the State to amend the Constitution so as to provide that a plurality over all should suffice to elect the Governor, instead of giving the election to the State Legislature when none has a majority. At the recent election that amendment was adopted. But the tables are now turned. A Greenbacker has the plurality, and the Legislature is Republican. As the election of Mr. Plaisted and the adoption of the amendment were simultaneous acts, the question is raised whether the former can be regarded as validated by the latter. If there is room for such a fine point, let them settle it by going through the form of electing Mr. Plaisted by the Legislature also. Thus they would be complying with the expression of the popular will, that the plurality candidate shall be Governor.

At last the infinite resources of Turkish mendacity have been exhausted, and the Czernagorians are in possession of Dulcigno. Dervish Pasha forced his way into the city, after a whole day of what is said to have been fighting with the Albanians, and the Black Mountains are in his possession. That they will be allowed to keep the place without molestation, they do not believe. They asked for some guarantee to that effect from the representatives of the Powers, but were refused. They are in to do the best they can for themselves, and to keep it if they are able.

The wisdom of the transfer of Dulcigno to Czernagora is open to question. It is not the natural port of Dalmatia. That is at Cattara, in a thoroughly Christian and Slavonic community, full of sympathy for the mountaineers, but included in the lower end of Dalmatia, and therefore Austrian territory. During the French Revolution, when the Turks seized this part of the old Venetian domains, the Czernagorians re-conquered, and should have been allowed to retain it. But the Congress of Vienna voted all the Venetian dominions to Austria, and this was included. That of Berlin, when it gave Austria the right to occupy Bosnia and the Herzegovina, should have required the retrocession of Cattara to Czernagora. Instead of that, it has given them a town full of fanatical Moslems, but slightly united to their own territory, and accessible from it with difficulty. And they have entailed on the little republic an active feud with their powerful Albanian neighbors.

"Now it is Greece's turn," is the thought of thousands, and of none more than of the English premier. In his view any aid Europe can give Greece, is but a slight acknowledgment of the service Greece has done the civilized world. And he also regards English aid to Greece as a special duty, since it was through England's holding out the hope of aid that Greece was induced to remain inactive, while the Russians were marching on Plevna. The Greeks soon determined not to let their cause suffer for lack of initiative on their part. They evidently are preparing for war, in spite of the

advice and remonstrances of the representatives of the Great Powers. That the Powers will act unitedly in their behalf with any weapons but words, we see no reason to believe. Austria does not want the Greek frontier advanced to Janina, or to any point nearer than at present to Novi Bazaar. France has relaxed her zeal, and is timid as regards foreign policy in general, while she awaits the opportunity for a greater struggle. Even Russia is not as zealous for Greece as their religious identity would lead us to suppose. Fifty years ago religious creed formed a far stronger bond in Eastern politics than it does to-day. Ethnological considerations have come into play. Russia wants the Balkan peninsula for the Slavs; and she regards the Greeks as but one of several rivals of the Slavic race. And England is far less likely to extend an active support to Greece, than she would be if she were free from complications in Ireland.

THE Reform movement in Philadelphia has gone so far that a Citizen's Committee of one hundred persons has been raised to take such action as may be necessary in view of the approaching Municipal Election. The Committee is certainly a strong one. There is perhaps not a name on it which will not commend it to our whole people. But if it be meant as a representative of the citizens of Philadelphia, then we are surprised to learn that this is so purely a mercantile community. We had supposed that our city contained a considerable number of physicians, a large number of proverbial lawyers, and some four or five hundred clergymen, to say nothing of editors, educators and men of leisure. But it seems from this that the composition of our public-spirited and independent citizenship is about ninety-eight per cent. business men, one per cent. members of the bar, and one per cent. college professors. We presume that the new representation is based on the new census.

Such a very large and weighty Committee should have a very large work to undertake. We confess we do not know, at this writing, what that work is. There are but three city officials to be chosen next February. One of these is the Mayor. We presume there is no disposition to displace Mr. Stokley. That gentleman is not an ideal Mayor. If the office were a more important one, it might be desirable to fill it with a man of more commanding character. But so long as the Mayor of Philadelphia is no more than the chief guardian of the peace, it would be impossible to find a better incumbent for the office. As such, he enjoys the confidence of the people. Philadelphians would as soon think of replacing a trusty watch-dog with a fancy spaniel, as of setting aside Mr. Stokley for an untried man. The other two offices are those of City Solicitor and Receiver of Taxes. We can hardly believe that these are the objective points of the new reform. They are not large enough.

THE FUTURE OF GOLD.

IN one day of last week £384,000 were drawn from the Bank of England vaults for exportation to America. This means more than appears on the surface. The English fiscal policy is largely devoted to the maintenance of the gold reserve in the bank vaults. The English profess not to believe in the importance of a favorable balance of trade. They ridicule those who object to the export of money from other countries, and charge them with belonging to "the Mercantile School" of the Seventeenth Century, and with supposing that "people can eat or wear gold." Money, they tell us, is never so useful as when sent abroad in exchange for commodities, and is the means of bringing into the country articles of far greater usefulness than itself. So they preach, but their practice is different. They guard their own stock of money with jealousy. Rather than suffer it to be largely drawn upon, they have often raised the rate of discount and forced the sale of large stocks of goods to continental speculators, so as to secure from France and

Germany the means of paying England's debts. This failing, they will get at the continental coin supply in some other way. All last year those two countries were furnishing the gold to pay for the wheat England was buying of us.

But these sources of supply are no longer available. Our present drafts on England have to be paid by England herself. The supply of our own coin in her hands, sent abroad to pay our unfavorable balances in past years, is exhausted. Our bonds are no longer to be had in her markets in sufficient quantity. So her bars of bullion are drawn out of their resting places to find new uses in America.

That this state of things is forcing a reconsideration of the silver question is not surprising. It is telegraphed that Germany is about to restore silver to circulation, by adding nine marks (about \$2.25) a head of her population to the amount already in use. So long as the two gold-standard nations had the gold of the world at their command, it was easy for them to be satisfied with their exclusive policy. Its deportation to other fields forces attention to very serious aspects of the monetary situation. One of these is the scanty supply of this coin for the uses of the world, and the likelihood that it may be found altogether insufficient for even international commerce. This action, by casting discredit upon silver, impels other countries to get and keep as much gold as possible. Our own country has been most successful in this respect. Silver is only nominally legal-tender among us. We will take nothing but gold in payment of our favorable balances of trade. And our drain on Europe is awakening her statesmen to the fact that "there is not enough to go round." If all the rest of the world should do what we have done, and with as much success, Europe will be left with an infinitesimal supply.

It is confidently expected that this gold will flow back to England again, and a suspension of specie payments by our Treasury is predicted, unless we avoid the responsibility by withdrawing our national paper money while we have the means to take it up. We do not see what would be gained by leaving that suspension to the banks, instead of the Treasury. But we see reason to believe that there will be no great reflow of gold to Europe. One is found in the remarkable condition of western trade. Up to last year the money paid to the West for its crops soon flowed back to New York again. Last year it was noticed that it did not return. This year the fact is still more noticeable. The West has managed to absorb and retain a good share of our coin. New York cries out that the Western people are hoarding it. This we do not believe. The West has been creating centres of industrial circulation, which are competent to retain and use any amount of coin. Instead of being a group of farming states, dependent on the East and on New York, they are rapidly becoming communities with a fair balance of manufactures. They sell their wheat to the foreigner, and spend his gold on their own manufactories. Chicago employs, in her manufactories, a larger proportion of her population than does Philadelphia. She made the finest turn-out of the campaign in behalf of a Protective Tariff. As a Southern paper remarked, just after the election, "The Northwest is not so agricultural as has been supposed. . . . This high tariff sentiment was not made last Tuesday, but only discovered. The Northern States are high tariff States for ever and ever."

For just the reason that the Northwest holds on to the coin it receives, the whole country will do so. We are no longer a monetary dependency of Europe. We are able to make our own terms as regards our commerce with her. Slight reactions may come, but no great re-flux of gold can take place from a country which has both the means, the purpose and the ability to supply all that its people need. And with this failure to recoup her losses of gold coin, must come a restoration of silver to its old place in the coinage of Europe.

THE IRISH OUTLOOK.

MATTERS are becoming distinctly worse in Ireland, ever since the prosecution of the Land Leaguers was determined upon. The lawless outrages on property, so far from ceasing, have increased in number, and agrarian assassinations have been much more numerous, though never so frequent as one would infer from the excited dispatches sent out from Dublin. There is still, English papers tell us, a much smaller proportion of deaths from violence in Ireland than in other country inside or outside the British Empire. But the fact that these murders of landlords and their agents are committed in behalf of a great popular cause, so far from redeeming them in the eyes of the world, only serves to make them more horrible by the contrast with their motive. We are not surprised that *The Irishman*, the Dublin organ of the Nationalists, enters its protest against these acts of violence, pointing with just pride to the freedom from complicity with assassination which characterized previous uprisings of the Irish people, and from the movements of the United Irishmen of '98 to that of the Fenians in our own time.

The violence of the agitation in Ireland is at last convincing the English people that the trouble is not one which can be ended by the show of police and military force. Wherever force is used, there is of course quiet for the time. With three hundred cavalry on guard it is possible to get in the crops of an unpopular landlord, and to reap the broad fields he has wrested by evictions from petty holders. But this sort of work is not remunerative. Where the spirit of a whole people is roused almost to the point of frenzy, some other agency than soldiery must be used to secure quiet. And in no previous struggle have the Irish people shown such unity of action or determination of purpose. Parnell struck the right key. He touched the deepest and most rankling sore in the nation's life. Instead of appealing to Catholic or to Hibernian sentiment, he made his appeal to the Irish people's love of their little homesteads. He awakened their sense of wrong done them, in connection with their material interests. Revolutions, like armies, move on their bellies. And something hardly less than a revolution is under way in Ireland.

The ideal of statesmanship requires that order shall be restored first, and concessions made afterwards. But the measures by which great popular agitations are ended are seldom ideal measures. The statesman is glad of any way out of the difficulty. So it was with Catholic Emancipation, with Parliamentary Reform, (twice), with the Turnpike Riots in Wales, and with many a similar page in British history. English statesmen are too practical to insist on the ideal. They seldom have waited till everything was quiet, before taking away the cause of the disturbance. Rather they have purchased quiet by its removal. Mr. Gladstone puts forward the ideal in his speech at Guildhall. He "recognizes the priority of the duty, before any other, of enforcing the law for the purposes of order." But he is not such a pedant in statesmanship as to suppose that the Irish people can be dragooned into quiet until they have some substantial pledge of redress of grievances. Bad as the precedent may be, the Irish land-laws will be seriously altered before the Irish Land League ceases its agitation.

The chief difficulty in the way of an early cessation of agitation, has been created by Mr. Gladstone himself. Heretofore the pledges given by a Prime Minister have been as good as laws, when he had a majority of the House of Commons with him. But it is not so with Mr. Gladstone. He might promise the League to grant the very utmost of their demands, without making their future as tenants a whit more secure. They know that behind Mr. Gladstone is not the House of Commons only, but the House of Lords. It is upon that dignified and rather thick-headed body of respectables that they have to make an impression. Mr. Gladstone has accepted the Lords as a co-ordinate branch of the Government. He has conceded to it the power of veto over measures

which he had declared necessary to the peace of "the sister island." He has confessed that he does not regard Irish disturbances as a matter so serious as to call for any measures out of the ordinary routine for the removal of Irish grievances. He will neither "go to the country" with his Irish policy, nor adopt any other of the constitutional expedients by which the Upper House is warned not to play an obstructive part. In a word, Mr. Gladstone referred the Land League to the House of Lords, and invited it to make an impression upon his obstinate partner up stairs. And the measure of the obtuseness in that quarter they have made the measure of the violence of their agitation.

What will be the outcome of their persuasion of the House of Lords remains to be seen. Mr. Parnell and his associates call for the creation of a peasant proprietorship, and there is a growing impression that this will be conceded. They do not ask that the lands of the aristocracy and gentry be taken from them without compensation. They only ask that the Government make some such arrangement as in the case of Irish Church lands. Any tenant on those lands can secure a title by paying one-fourth of their assessed value. The Government advances the other three-fourths and takes its payment in an annual rent, which wipes out both principal and interest in thirty-five years. After paying that rent for that period, the former tenant becomes a freeholder. The arrangement has worked very well as regards that class of tenants. There is no reason why it should not work equally well as regards the tenants of private lands. In the latter case it would involve compulsion to sell. But Mr. Gladstone, even before the election, expressed himself ready to go so far, if public policy called for it. Public policy has required similar legislation in other connections. We have just seen a free citizen of Philadelphia turned out of house and home, in spite of his resistance to the utmost, because public policy called for its site for railway purposes. The restoration of a whole people to comfort and contentment certainly may be a necessity as urgent as the construction of railroads.

For those tenants who do not undertake to purchase their lands, there must be an extension of the provisions of the Land Act of 1870. The most exorbitant demand is that fixed rents be substituted for those which are now varied at the pleasure of the landlord, and that these be on the basis of a government valuation. (The Griffiths valuation, on which Irish lands are taxed, has been suggested; but this is intentionally lower than their actual value.) For such fixed rents there are abundant precedents. The copyhold tenure, on which land was held in feudal times, was an instance of this. The transition from the copyhold tenure to the mercantile tenure now in vogue, was a great confiscation of popular rights, effected in the transition from medieval to modern conditions. The restoration of this feature of copyhold tenure, would be a return to what was best in the much abused feudal system.

No Land Law, however, will accomplish the work of making Ireland a prosperous and contented country. The new agitation means that nothing but prosperity will purchase contentment. But a measure which will leave Ireland a purely agricultural country, under whatever conditions of land tenure, will not have touched the root evil of her condition. It will do nothing for the large and utterly impoverished population of the towns, where agitations and discontents strike the deepest root. It will fail even to make the farming population satisfied, for it will leave them to pursue their agriculture under the most unfavorable conditions. Nothing but the restoration of Irish manufactures, and their development up to the level of the nation's necessities, will make the country what its natural resources and the capacity of its people demand. And not until a Home Rule Parliament or a National Parliament sits in Dublin, will anything be done for Irish manufactures. Herein lies the great difficulty: England will not willingly grant so much, while Ireland will scarcely be satisfied with less.

MUSIC.

Through earlier days, when like a fruit in reach,
 Hope lingered, inviting sweet, before my sight,
 Dear was each mood that music may invite,
 The allegro and the penseroso, each!
 But now, when sorrowing passion finds no speech,
 All drearier cadence borrows in its flight
 The voice of my own agony, and can smite
 My spirit as plaintive waves a starlit beach!

Or like pale mourners carrying sprays of rue,
 With tremulous bosoms and low eyes that grieve,
 With dark voluminous robes and loosened hair,
 These pensive melodies go wandering through
 The unbroken twilight of my heart, to leave
 A kiss on the icy brow of its despair!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE AMERICAN BREAKFAST.

BREAKFAST may be considered the one fixed fact among our movable feasts, the very names of which are varied by the fluctuation of the social barometer. Jones, as a thriving mechanic or smart clerk, living in a nice three-story brick on a side street, has a good dinner of two courses at one o'clock, and "something hearty" with his seven o'clock tea. Melchius Jones, Esq., manufacturer or merchant prince and millionaire, gets his luncheon at a city restaurant, and subsides into the bosom of his family around a gas-lighted dinner-table, so crowded with glass, silver and flowers that meats and vegetables must be served from the side-board.

Fashion may and does push the morning meal further on into the day in households where leisure and luxury have succeeded to the hurry and toil of earlier years. But it is breakfast still, a family repast and a bountiful one that refuses to be materially modified by the pressure of imported ideas and habits which are rapidly denationalizing our homes. The free-and-easiness of the English breakfast hour,—the huge cold rounds and joints and game-pies on the side-table for the strong, the toast-and-tea for the weak; the sitting-down and the rising-up at the convenience of the several members of the company, impress the Yankee housewife as unseemly and shiftless. She will not have "things" standing about all hours of the day, nor would American (imported) servants endure the imposition upon time and service.

But it seems strange, at the first blush, that the continental breakfast, simple, inexpensive and convenient, has not been eagerly adopted by us. A hundred jaded women,—sipping chocolate in Parisian and Italian hotels, and seeing that the family appetites are satisfied by crisp rolls, fresh eggs and butter, with an occasional treat of honey or marmalade for the children,—brighten into animation with the resolve to introduce the like order in their transatlantic homes. Ninety-nine of the hundred make the experiment upon their return. We have never known an exception to the general failure of the pretty plan. In most instances, the rebellion begins in the lower house. Our "help" cannot work, they assert, without meat twice a day, at least. Across the sea they labored doubly as hard and lived upon potatoes, *polenta* or black bread and sour beer. In our climate they must be fed upon the fat of a more goodly land than they had dreamed of before touching our shores, or muscles grow flaccid, bones soften and stomachs collapse. We may temper the heat of our indignant contempt for such flagitious affectation by asking ourselves why the crusty roll, single cup of coffee or chocolate and boiled egg no longer upbear our strength and spirits until the next meal is served. Why, by degrees, the bit of toasted bacon, dear to the English heart, the Scot's oatmeal, the Cuban's orange, find their way to the otherwise meagerly-furnished board. Why, as the days shorten and the cold strengthens, the children clamor for buckwheats and maple syrup, and papa endorses the draught upon caterer and cook.

Paterfamilias wastes no time in dissertation upon climatic influence or the tyranny of custom.

"I am a practical man," he says, "who does half a day's work before the French banker or advocate goes to his office. Too busy to suspend operations at half-past eleven or twelve o'clock, for the *dejeuner à la fourchette* that supplements his eight o'clock coffee and roll. I don't argue nor expatiate, I only know that in order to do an American citizen's work, I must be well-fed, and that without a substantial breakfast, I am used-up by noon—an exhausted receiver, sir!"

The question resolves itself in his mind into a clear case of supply and demand. The climate may have something to do with it. Habit probably has more. Be this as it may, the engine plays all the time under a full head of steam, and boiler and fire must be fed generously.

We do well to imitate the practical man in accepting the American

breakfast as it is, because it is. Our suggested reforms will not clear the table of a single dish, without offering a substitute. Because it is a substantial meal it should be tempting, nourishing and eaten deliberately. As a family gathering, the party should be cheerful and at ease. As the initial repast,—the break-fast of the new day should beget comfort and harmony, put mind and body in tune for labor which ought to be worship. Whereas, the plain truth is that the disregard of some or all of these conditions is a notorious fact in most dwellings, even among our well-to-do and wealthy classes, and their observance in our homes remarkable by reason of the rarity of the spectacle.

Goblin Care enters the chamber of the dual head of the household, at the turn of the morning tide, when the waves of physical life pulse most feebly. He takes the house-mother by the hand as she starts from her latest and most delicious doze to hurry the tardy cook. He mounts and fastens upon the shoulders of the practical man who must be at warehouse, office or factory at eight—or maybe, nine o'clock. Whatever the hour, it must be "sharp," and a series of equally keen appointments fill the day. In anticipation, it is gone—consumed,—night and the morrow pressing hard and "sharp" upon him before he cleans his teeth and plunges his face into cold water. He is in the middle of next week by the time he kicks aside slippers for boots, and wonders audibly, if "they" are going to keep a fellow waiting for his breakfast. The morning paper lies at his plate. Electric shocks of stock-market news contract windpipe and agitate diaphragm as he bolts breakfast and gulps down coffee. Political excitement congests the stomach-coats and transmutes buttered buckwheats into hot lead. Engrossed in the world's news, brought to his door with the rising of the sun, he throws liquids and solids into the palpitating interior of the machine, with little more thought of order and assimilation than the stoker exercises who "chunks" the black lumps into the fire-chamber and then bangs the door.

Bridget, marketing, shopping and dress-making, sit heavy upon the soul of wife and mother. The children hate early breakfasts and are served with the de-appetizing sauce of a cerb rebuke for indolence as they straggle in. The dispersion to the different spheres of action is a disorderly rout, and the poor woman left to hold the fort, cogitates, by turns upon the cause of the dyspeptic qualms that add physical to mental disquiet, and the crossness of everybody in the morning.

"It is such a comfort to get breakfast over," is her one solace.

Our busy American citizen may demand, as a vital need, his substantial daily meal. He does not enjoy it. The running of a vast majority of human animals upon the daily course is like that of spavined horses. We are stiff and sore when first led from the stall, but warm to our work and into suppleness with judicious management. Who of us has not experienced the desire to turn the day hind part before, setting bodily and mental depression, with the yawning, and peevishness, and "gone-ness" that express this, at the latter end, when bed and slumber would be the natural and speedy cure? Who practices the philosophy of gentle lubrication and moderate movement, leading up to steady labor, which we might learn from a doltish groom?

The breakfast table should be a study—hygienic and æsthetic—with those who would profit thereby. Conspicuous among its appointments set the fruit basket. For those whose stomachic idiosyncracies do not forbid this order of courses, let oranges, grapes, bananas in winter, summer fruits in their season, precede the weightier matters of the meal. There is amelioration of harsh business, if not refinement of tone, in the sight and manipulation of the gracious gifts direct from the Maker's hands. The juices are a grateful assuasive and a stimulus to digestion. Oatmeal porridge, soaked over night and steamed in the morning to a smooth jelly—emollient, not drastic—then drenched with cream, may succeed the fruit, or be served as a dessert. The Briton's toasted bacon is a potent persuasive to reluctant appetite. Fried potatoes, thin as a shaving, hot, and so dry as not to soil the enveloping napkin, come delicately and seductively into line. Let the bread be sweet and light, the butter above suspicion, coffee and tea fresh and fragrant. By the time this skirmishing is over—and the process should not be rapid—the business of the hour is fairly begun. Now should the practical man be built up with boiled eggs, omelette, beefsteak, mutton chops (*always* broiled!), chickens, stewed or broiled, savory ragouts, sausage—the list is long, and attractive to eye and imagination. The second cup of hot coffee is here in order. And—not until hunger has been appeased by deliberate and careful mastication of these substantial edibles—should the morning paper be unfolded. Wives and children have reason for their bitter aversion to the triple sheet, behind the crackling abomination of whose folds the lord of the home devours his provender. If the ill-used stomach could speak, its verdict would accord with their condemnation.

Should nature and custom crave, in frosty weather, muffins, griddle cakes, or waffles, let not the house-mother refuse them. The national digestion, like the national brain, is mighty for performance and endurance, if properly treated. Only, this class of delicacies should be light, tender, puffy, raised with yeast and eggs, not sal-volatile, and as free from clinging fat as the "Saratoga" potatoes.

There are meaning and beauty in the fable of the slave hidden behind his monarch's chair, with orders to sound his reed pitch-pipe in

the king's ear should wrath betray him into loud or angry tones. And she who dignifies the common uses and needs of life into humanizing, healthful Christianizing influences upon those whose daily minister she is, serves her generation well, although her apparent sphere be no broader than her Breakfast Table.

A MASSACRE OF MYTHS.—I.

THIS is peculiarly an age of disillusion and of unbelief. What with critical inquirers, who reject everything that is not clearly proved, and skeptical inquirers who reject everything they think to be so clearly proved as to be of doubtful authenticity, and historians, like Mr. Froude, whose delight it is to show that all the alleged bad characters in history were but a little lower than the angels, while all the alleged good ones were sad hypocrites, everybody in the nineteenth century is prepared to regard anybody in any preceding century, to whom his attention may be directed, as Betsey Prig and Mrs. Harris, and cry, "There wasn't never any such person." Or if he is compelled to admit that the person in question did exist, that is to say, that there is a reasonable probability that he did exist, the skeptical heir of all the ages will deny that any particular action attributed to that person was performed by him in the manner, from the motives, and with the consequences recited in the popular histories. There was a French *émigré* who made a handsome living in England during the period of the Revolution and the Empire, by wagering, whenever a piece of news was received and circulated, that it was not true. He might, if he were now alive, make like offers with reference to any historical allegation of the "popular" sort with perfect confidence of winning—if he could only find anyone to take the bet.

Take classical history, continental history, English history, from the foundation of Rome to the fall of the French Empire, and over what heaps of mangled myths the student treads! Cecrops was not an Egyptian, nor was Cadmus a Phœnician. Leonidas made his fight with 7,000 men,—or 12,000, according as Diodorus or Pausanias be believed. Æsop was not hump-backed, and it is particularly doubtful whether Sappho committed suicide. Diogenes's "tub" was not a tub—tubs, Pliny tells us—were of Gallic origin—and, though there were lanterns in his day, there is no good reason for believing the story about his quest with one in his hand. The virtue of Lucrece has been impugned, and her death called suicide through fear of detection. Mutius Scaevola did not thrust his hand into the fire, nor did Brutus condemn his sons to death through firmness, but through brutality; nor did Clelia swim the Tiber; nor did Brennus cast his sword into the scales; nor did brave Horatius keep the bridge. Coriolanus could not have gone through a tenth part of the scenes assigned to him. Livy himself could not fix the respective nationality of the Horatii and Curiatii. Belisarius was not blind, nor did Portia swallow burning coals. The tale of Regulus's tortures was invented. Hannibal did not use vinegar to melt the Alpine rocks; nor did Cleopatra employ a similar solvent for her pearl; it is altogether probable that she and her ladies committed suicide by taking poison. Archimedes was too good a mathematician to promise to move the world, were he given a point on which to rest his lever. Caesar did not encourage his pilot with the famous remark concerning Julius and his fortunes—at least, the incident is discredited on very sufficient grounds, and doubt is cast upon his words on crossing the Rubicon. He is silent on the subject, and Plutarch and Suetonius give differing versions. The great Roman's last words were not "*Et tu Brute?*" as Shakespeare got them from "*The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*," but were spoken in Greek: "And you my son, and you are one of them," (Suetonius), though the versions of Plutarch and Nicolas Damascens vary. Julian the apostate, having received his death wound, could not have uttered either of the dying speeches attributed to him. There is no trustworthy evidence to show that any Christians were massacred or given to beasts in the Coliseum—the most that can be found, even when the reports are not contradictory, is, that they were slain in a "circus." Omar did not burn the library of Alexandria, with its 700,000 books, uttering the famous dilemma, "If these writings agree with the Book of God, they are useless; if they do not, they are pernicious," because he was never at Alexandria; because it was not possible to have accumulated 700,000 volumes, and because if he, and not Amru, had taken Alexandria in 640, he would have captured it just 250 years after Theophilus dispersed the library.

Many of these most cherished and circumstantial stories are in reality founded on originals that still survive. The heroic act of Scævola had been told long before of a Greek by Agatharcides. The prototypes of the Horatii and Curiatii were the champions of the Arcadian villages, and the earlier Greek legend had all the features of the later Latin one, down to the love of the victor's sister for one of the vanquished, and her death. Romulus was exposed in infancy, was nursed by a wolf, became a shepherd chief, and founded a city; the same story was told of Cyrus, with the exception that his nurse was a bitch,

and not a she-wolf. Before the earliest historians of Rome had written, the story of Curtius had been told of a patriotic Phrygian. Nor are the alleged words of alleged heroes much more original than their alleged acts. Henri IV.'s phrase about assassination—"Whoever despises his own life can always dispose of mine"—had been said centuries before by Seneca, and his passage of wits with Baudesson, who resembled him in so striking a manner, had been recorded by a poet of the middle ages, who got it out of Macrobius, who derived it from—who shall say what still earlier source?

The medieval legends were quite as inaccurate as the classical histories. Arthur's Table Round was not more of a fiction than Charlemagne's dozen of Paladins. One line in Eginhard contains all that we truly know of Roland, viz., that he was slain in a mountain pass. Charlemagne, readers of Longfellow will regret to know, had no daughter Emma, and a full century before the story of her carrying off her lover on her shoulders, lest his footprints should be marked in the freshly-fallen snow, the same anecdote had been printed of another loving couple. Alfred the Great may have let the cottager's cakes burn, though his friend and biographer, Asser, is silent on the subject, but he did not venture into the Danish camp, disguised as a minstrel. No old Saxon writer tells the tale of Alfred; it is told of another Saxon king. They assert that the incident described in Moore's "*Rich and rare were the gems she wore*" took place in Alfred's reign; Moore gives it as happening under Brian Boroihme; other chroniclers have told the same story in honor of Rollo of Normandy and of Frothi of Denmark. If Canute really set his chair on the sea beach and ordered the surges to retire, it is curious that no one thought of recording the fact till a hundred years had elapsed. There is no good ground for believing that Edward I. massacred the Welsh bards, and if Lingard speaks the truth, Fair Rosamond was not killed by Queen Eleanor, but died in a convent in the odor of sanctity. Blondel had no need to go the round of all the strong places of Europe, warbling his song and listening for a reply from Richard Cœur de Lion, seeing that the place of the king's captivity was known. Pharamond, king of the Franks, was a myth. Clovis and Clotilda never married, nor did the latter receive from Childebert and Clothair the swad and shears, indicating that her grandson must choose between the tomb and the tonsure. Rollo, the great Norman, did not marry Gisella, daughter of Charles the Simple, in 911, partly because he was then well stricken in years, partly because Gisella had not yet been born. Nor did Charlemagne burst into tears on seeing Norman pirates approach the southern coast of France, and lament what such temerity meant for his weaker successors, though Michelet adopts the story as true. In the first place, Eginhard, though his chronicler records matter of infinitely less importance, is silent on the subject; in the second, Charlemagne died forty-five years before the first Norman vessels entered the Mediterranean.

Nor have the historians of more modern times been at all more accurate or fortunate. The woes of the starry Galileo were much exaggerated. The decree of absolute prohibition was, indeed, authentic; but it was never communicated to Galileo, so his "*But, nevertheless, it does move*," must be relegated to the limbo of mythical *mots*. He was neither racked nor confined in a prison-cell, but had private rooms in the Inquisition building, and was well-nourished. Lucrezia Borgia has been damned to everlasting fame mainly through Hugo's drama and Donizetti's opera, but it is certain that she cannot have been a plague-spot on the unwholesome age in which she lived, and at the same time have compelled the eulogies of her contemporaries, Ariosto, Aldus Manutius, Bembo, and men of their stamp. She saw many crimes committed, witnessing them with calmness or passive sorrow and without resolute protest, but it cannot be said that she anywhere took the initiative in them, or even an active part. Again, take the case of Beatrice Cenci. She was not 16 when she was executed, but 22; Guerra, her lover, was 40, and he was not her only lover, and she had been a willing and spiteful witness against him when he was arrested with her brother Rocco for an ignoble theft; she was not handsome, and she left an illegitimate child. The sole evidence of her father's outrages upon her was the plea of her counsel, and as he secured Bernardino Cenci's acquittal on the ground of imbecility, and within a few days after his brother and sister had been executed in his sight, Bernardino was working shrewdly and actively to advance his interests; the plea may have been an invention. Certain it is that the Cenci were not harshly treated while in prison, and it is equally certain that Guido never saw her and never painted the picture which everyone in the world has seen. Guido did not paint in Rome till some nine years after Beatrice's execution. The romantic may console themselves with the reflection that the ashes of Abelard and Heloise rest at Père-LaChaise in Paris, but they must be prepared to entertain serious doubts as to the authenticity of the lovers' correspondence. And lamentable as must be the shock to all Americans whose affections cluster round the form of The Admiral, Columbus never performed the egg trick, and Humboldt has completely demolished the fine story of his securing three days' grace from his mutinous crew, during which period he discovered America—that is to say, not America, but Guanahini—or, rather, not Guanahini, but Watling's Island!

THE CANVAS-BACK DUCK.

A FEW weeks ago the writer set his duck decoys near a meadow point close to the edge of a small bay on the south side of Long Island. In this bay there is every attraction for wild fowl; duckweed, algae, and crustaceæ in inexhaustible plenty. Within a very few years the bay was frequented by countless flocks; but the greed, selfishness, and remorseless stupidity of the professional gunners on its shores have driven the ducks to places whence they will never more return. From early dawn until sundown, on the day mentioned, only one flock of four canvas-back ducks was seen, although the weather for gunning was unexceptionable; cold and rough, with high westerly winds, and even this flock, hunted and driven from point to point, soared high in the air and flew wide of the land.

It is the conventional idea that game laws pander to the pleasure of the man of wealth, and curtail the privileges of the more humble citizen. This is a fallacy which with us crumbles in the face of an honest attempt to enforce the laws. It is a question, however, whether the state government dare attempt to execute these laws, and whether, if constitutional, a simple and effective national law cannot be enacted by Congress, and enforced with rigor and boldness by the general government. It would appear that such a statute might be made applicable to the protection of the wild fowl which frequent the navigable waters of the United States. And one thing is certain, that, unless something effective be done, and that speedily, to check the wanton and wasteful destruction of wild ducks and geese, in progress on every sheet of water in this country resorted to by these fowls, they will in a comparatively short time be known to the sportsman and epicure only by tradition. The dweller near the haunts of wild ducks will bear witness, as the result of his own observations, to the decrease year by year in the number which return annually to a particular and favorite resort.

The canvas-back duck, to epicures both at home and abroad, replaces the bald-headed eagle, as the national bird of America. While the latter has but a feeble body of admirers abroad, the famous duck has a larger, enthusiastic, and constantly increasing circle of devotees. Yet few of these have ever tasted this renowned fowl in all its perfection. In nine cases out of ten, the red-head duck does duty for him, except among those who have learned to distinguish the difference which separates the two. They are so marked that a glance should suffice to detect the dissimilarity. The one—the canvas-back—is provided with a long black bill, while the red-head is furnished with a shorter, broader and blue bill.

The canvas-back duck is peculiar exclusively to the North American Continent. He is found in the United States and Canada wherever the feed suits his epicurean fancy. He is fond of wild rice and wild oats: but he is brought to the greatest perfection when he is nourished upon the so-called wild-celery, *Valisneria Americana*, found in Chesapeake Bay and the waters thereabouts. The root of this marine plant, on which he there feeds exclusively, rejecting the stem and leaves, imparts to him a flavor, considered superior to that conferred by any other variety of fowl. A canvas-back which feeds on wild rice is no way distinguishable in flavor from a widgeon, teal, mallard or pin-tail duck, which may occupy the same feeding grounds. The red-head approaches him more closely in flavor than any other duck found in his company. It is a tradition that the canvas-back dives and brings to the surface of the water the succulent root of the wild celery, and that the red-head through his superior strength appropriates it. The fact is, the latter contents himself with the stem and leaves of this plant, and in no way attempts to dispossess the former of the more succulent portion he seeks so sedulously to obtain. The Canvas-back when he can neither obtain the wild rice nor celery, contents himself with the coarser marine algae to be found in profusion on the coast. When he so feeds, although his brilliant and beautiful plumage is always his own, his flavor is no better than that of any other duck which may partake of the same grasses. Many persons who through ignorance purchase the canvas-back at the same price for which they could buy the Chesapeake sort, and suffer consequent disappointment, will find on investigation that the coarser fed bird has been palmed off upon them. Imagination is such a potent factor with humanity that to detect a startling dissimilarity in the flavor of the two varieties of the same bird so differently nourished, would require a delicacy of palate or taste only found where the epicure is habitually served with the Maryland fowl. There are some heterodox enough to prefer a canvas-back which has been shot over wild rice fields. No man should disdain or underrate the merit and delicacy of a rice fed duck. It is only local prejudice which would make invidious comparisons between this one and his wild celery-fed brother.

The canvas-back derives his name from the peculiar marking of the plumage on his back. This is of a dark gray intersected with fine black lines like the threads of canvas sail cloth. When fat the male bird weighs about three and one-half pounds, the female much less. The bill of the canvas-back is black and flat, and runs well up on the forehead; the latter and the cheeks are a dusky brown merging on the rest of the head and neck into a brilliant chestnut. The breast is black until it meets the canvas-like markings on the back. The belly is like

the back, but the canvas-like markings are not so distinct. The sides are speckled with dusky spots. The wings are of bluish gray with edges of deep black; while the wing coverts are of speckled gray. The under side of the wing is white. The legs and feet are of ash color. The sharp pointed tail is brown. The female, aside from being much smaller than the male, is more sober in hue. Browns predominate in her plumage. This gives her a modest and unobtrusive appearance and throws into brilliant relief the striking beauty of her mate. The Red-head duck, which is often sold in the markets as the canvas-back, on account of a certain resemblance and similarity of feathers, is a smaller and less well-flavored bird. He lacks the brilliant chestnut hue about the head; moreover, the canvas like markings are not by any means so extensive or distinct. The color of his bill—ultramarine ash or blue gray—betrays him at once to the expert. He is, however, a bird by no means to be despised by the epicure. He always commands a superior price to all other ducks except the canvas-back.

The methods of killing the king of wild fowl vary according to locality. The decoy, fashioned and colored in close imitation of the original, is in universal use. These are set off points jutting into a bay or sound. In the Chesapeake these ducks are retrieved by a famous breed of dogs, which was first bred on those shores. A crippled canvas-back is a slippery customer, and, unless very sorely wounded, generally manages, if shot over deep waters, to evade capture. The authorities of the State of Maryland have shown a commendable zeal and enlightenment, in the protection they have accorded the wild fowl of its waters. War has been waged upon pot hunters and their destructive devices none too soon. A remnant of the sport found in former times on the Chesapeake is still available to this generation, and will be possibly to that which is to follow. Of no other section of the country can this be said.

Many men of vigorous minds have devoted their leisure to the contemplation of the gastronomic possibilities of the canvas-back duck. High priests of the epicurean altar are united on the observance of certain fixed rules apropos of the cooking of this bird. As the centre of canvas-back civilization is in Maryland and Virginia, the processes there in vogue merit the most distinguished consideration. The great principle sought for is to retain or seal the delicate flavor imparted by the wild celery, on which the bird feeds. To bake in an oven is heresy; he must be turned on a spit and constantly basted before an intensely hot fire for a period of from twelve to sixteen minutes. This question of minutes is a mooted point, and has given rise to acrimonious controversies and disputes. Some go so far as to demand the highest technical ability in the one who turns the spit and bastes, a too rapid or too sluggish movement of the crank, contributing largely, in the estimate of these quibblers, towards the making or the marring of the dish. At the critical moment the ducks should be served, and with celery. The test of the success of the roast is demonstrated when the knife scores the breast of the bird. It is a culminating success if the dish be instantly deluged with the rich juice of the duck. As the canvas-back is beyond the reach of many, whose means or opportunities do not admit of the enjoyment of this distinguished bird, it may not come amiss to give a recipe for a salmi, which may be composed of any wild duck whose flavor is too coarse to permit of the heroic treatment awarded his renowned brother. It is as follows: Clean and prepare as many ducks as may be needed, as if for roasting. Place in the interior of the birds a few sage leaves, an onion and a carrot. Roast or bake rare; then let them become thoroughly cold. Cut the breasts of the ducks in thin filets or steaks; then stew only until they become thoroughly hot in a sauce made as follows: Knead into a paste with flour, a piece of butter the size of an egg; put in a stew pan on a slow fire—when melted add a gill of claret and one of very rich beef stock, salt, pepper and a little parsley; add the juice of half a lemon before serving. A carrot placed inside a wild duck possesses the power of absorbing or eradicating the fishy flavor. A shelldrake or even a coot, if young and tender, treated as described and served in a salmi, will deceive many who fancy themselves proof against any culinary deception. When this salmi is composed of ducks fed on wild rice, it is not to be despised by the most exacting. The recipe given, is the result of many experiments practiced on every sort of wild fowl found on the south shore of Long Island—canvas-back ducks not excepted. There this treatment is as necessary for him as for the other varieties who feed upon the same marine algae and crustaceæ. His flavor is in no wise superior to that of his fellows.

AMERICAN DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

THE past quarter of a century has witnessed an immense advance in the number and variety of dramatic performances in America. There are, probably, five or six times as many theatres in the country now as there were in 1850, and the increase in the number of sittings has been at least as great. An equal ratio of progress in the quality of representations has not been maintained, but, nevertheless, the theatre as a social factor has grown to be vastly more important than it was thirty years ago, appropriating to itself no small portion of the time

and thought of people in our large cities; furnishing them with most of their amusement, and forming the frequent subject of their conversation. The extent of this advance is shown in the newspaper press, which is a peculiarly sensitive index of popular feeling. Dramatic criticism has become one of the prominent departments in most of the leading journals, and the guild of dramatic critics has grown into a real power. The multiplication of critics and criticisms has been the result of a public want, of course, and has corresponded to the increase in plays and players. The want is, however, more imperative, and the question of supplying it more serious than a majority even of thoughtful persons suspect. The great eastern cities and the larger of their western rivals have, to be sure, nearly rid themselves of that silly prejudice—long a sign of their intellectual infancy and provincialism—which stifled discriminating comment upon dramatic performances, on the theory that it was not kind and polite to tell unpleasant truths about those who, as it used to be said, were “doing their best to amuse the public,”—a species of considerate delicacy particularly absurd in a people which permitted every license in personal attack when politics or religion was the theme! But good criticism should be more than tolerated; it should be desired, sustained and stimulated. The critic, it should never be forgotten, exists, in the first place, because of and in behalf of the audience. He ought to be their mouthpiece as well as their guide, philosopher and friend. It is for him to voice their dissatisfaction and their delight, when either is justified by the play or representation. It is through him alone—inasmuch as the practice of intelligent hissing is unknown here—that they can, with sufficient vigor and with the speed which gives punishment its moral effect, visit their righteous wrath upon wretched incompetency or gross indecency. Considered from a higher point of view, the end and aim of dramatic criticism is the gradual elevation both of the public taste and of the plays and performances which seek to gratify that taste; and this end is to be reached through the critic's courageous and intelligent condemnation of everything vulgar, stupid and extravagant,—in short, of whatsoever is bad in art—and through his praise of that which is good. In every country where the theatre flourishes, such criticism is required, but in America, which is yet young as a patron, producer and performer of plays, it is peculiarly needed. Or perhaps the special need of our country, as compared with other lands, should be limited to helpful criticism upon acting. Of plays our audiences judge quite as well as any European audiences, and much better, on an average, than those outside of France and Northern Germany; but in acting, our native taste is still quite crude, and England alone of the leading nations has a popular standard no higher than our own. A love for what is loud, blatant and obstreperous is still freely displayed in our public applause of actors, especially at the South and West, and the East commits the further offence of tolerating or praising much that is affected, artificial and unfinished.

The public need of the critic, then, is great. His opportunity in this country is even disproportionately great, for the simple reason that nowhere on the face of the earth is there a people so devoted to newspapers or so much influenced by them as ours. It is a thousand pities, therefore, that the opportunity is not better employed. Several of the chief cities of the Union never, except by mere accident, see a local dramatic criticism which is worthy of the name,—the task of pronouncing the judgment of the press upon the drama in such places being generally imposed upon ordinary young reporters. Philadelphia, New York, Boston, San Francisco, Chicago and Cincinnati are the best off in the matter, and really enjoy a pretty steady, though by no means ample, supply of valuable dramatic comment. Even in these more favored places, however, the really good work is done by the few, intellectual incompetency, insufficient education, or personal prejudice impairing the work of the many. Of positive venality and corruption, there is probably very little among the critics, even in New York, where the temptations are greatest; but in New York—and not there only—so many writers become personally entangled with actors, and, consciously or unconsciously, become violently partisan as friends or foes, that so far as the value of their public work is concerned, they might about as well be in the pay of their favorites. Yet, with all its imperfections on its head, the average dramatic criticism of our journals is better than no criticism at all, because the critic's standard—low as it may be—is generally higher than that of a majority of the audience. Persons who take and read *THE AMERICAN* or the *New York Nation*, may find the observation of the hack writer coarse, his understanding narrow, and his education inadequate; but the chances are that even the slender training he has had, if it work with a reasonably honest purpose, will fit him to give some instruction, both upon play and performance, to the less cultivated portion of his readers.

Great as is the need of good dramatic critics, it is not strange that the supply is small. The ideal critic is “one man picked out of ten thousand.” He must be a person of large general information, and of thorough education in every department of English literature, especially in its poetry and drama; he must be a good French and German scholar, and know something of Italian; he must have had a long experience of theatres and actors, and yet should have few intimates upon

the stage; he must be quick and discriminating in judgment, pure in taste, keen in observation. Moreover, he must have the distinctively literary faculty, for many an admirable critic of the fine arts, whose spoken opinion is of the highest value, is powerless with the pen. Finally, he must have been born with a gift to discern good acting from poor,—a gift which has been as utterly denied to many persons of the highest and most cultivated intelligence, as a musical ear or a knack at stock speculation. And after all these qualities of mind and nature have been united in one man, they will be of little or no avail to make him a critic, unless he is also morally brave, clean, considerate, and steadfast, incapable alike of fear or favor. If our ideal critic is to write for a daily morning paper, he ought also to have a cast-iron constitution,—intellectual labor of the most delicate and difficult sort being imposed upon him after an evening in the hot and impure air of a theatre, at a very late hour of the night, and under the stress of the enervating hour of “going to press.” “A column of infallibility,” as somebody once said in the *Atlantic*, “to be written in two hours after midnight!” The ideal critic himself might, under the circumstances, be pardoned for some inelegances and inaccuracies of style,—perhaps, even for occasional peevishness and hastiness of temper; even when he is doing his best he will work under serious disadvantages, and his labor should be supplemented by literary papers which can take time for consideration and produce criticisms better matured in thought and style.

A few dozen diligent critics of the sort we have just described, and how soon an upward lift would be felt in the public taste and be answered in an improved style of acting! Before many years even the quality of plays would respond to the increased popular appreciation of the best in dramatic construction, dialogue and thought. Audiences would be protected against their own foolishness and vulgarity, through fitting rebukes administered in language eloquently, but not intemperately, strong. The better part of every audience—which at first would be the smaller, and always would be the greater part—would be sure of efficient support against the duller and coarser elements. The finished and capable actor would find a worthy tribunal, to which he might confidently come for just praise of his best work, and to which he could always appeal from the judgment of the audience when that judgment had gone against him and in favor of some “robustious” *confrère*, who had torn a passion to tatters “to split the ears of the groundlings.” And, finally, managers would be made to feel the weight of a public opinion, unfriendly to feebleness, cold to foolishness, and utterly intolerant of nastiness.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

ONE of the institutions of the Old World, concerning which everyone feels authorized to talk the greatest possible amount of the wildest possible nonsense, is the Académie Française. The famous institution organized in 1635, by Richelieu, for the improvement and regulation of the national tongue, is regarded as a literary senate to which the most eminent authors and orators of the age are elected solely because of their genius and accomplishments. Also, owing to occasional personal jealousies, to occasional subserviency to the court, the Academy's doors were never opened to the most illustrious of Frenchmen! The inscription on Molière's bust records that naught was lacking to his glory, but that he was lacking to the glory of the Academy; Boileau and La Bruyère would never have worn the palms had not the king insisted peremptorily on their being admitted; Piron, Rousseau, Béranger, Balzac, Dumas the elder, De Cartes, Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, Le Sage, André Chenier, Beaumarchais, Théophile Gautier—none of these great writers ever crossed the threshold. In the case of Rousseau, Dumas père and Balzac, the exclusion was due to the indifferent morals of the candidates, and but for his death soon after his marriage and moral rehabilitation, the last-named at least would have been elected, while Béranger would have been gladly accepted had he conquered his proud shyness and paid the statutory visits to the Immortals. But these conspicuous injustices, and the experiences of many as eminent men who succeeded in obtaining seats, destroyed the fiction that a *fauteuil* will inevitably be decreed to the deserving author so soon as he made his merit known. There are few more interesting books to be written than that which shall record the ambitions, successes and disappointments of the candidates for academic honors. Théophile Gautier said, humorously, that people got into the Academy, or failed to get into the Academy, because it had been so foreordained from the foundation of the world. “You are born one of the Forty,” was his favorite saying, “just as you are born a cook, or a policeman, or an archbishop, and you cannot die till you have accomplished your destiny. You need not write anything, though it will do you no harm if you publish an occasional lampoon on the Academy.” He himself was not one of the predestined few, and he declared that on one occasion, though he had every vote pledged to him and was the candidate of every faction and sub-faction in the Academy, his opponent beat him by 39 to c.. Perhaps,—though the chances are against such a hypothesis

—each of the thirty-nine members was as ingenious and tender-hearted as Soumet, (who, when Ancelot asked his vote, prepared two ballots, one bearing the name of each candidate, folded them up, voted one and destroyed the other unread, so that he could assure each aspirant that, though he must be mute for certain weighty reasons, he did not know that he had voted for the rival), and there was a run of luck against Gautier. Taine tells us of another Immortal who did not mince matters at all, but announced that he would shake up the aspirant's cards in a hat, and vote for the candidate whose name he drew first.

Blind luck could hardly be more perverse than pique and partiality. Ever since 1649, when Arnault d'Andilly declined the seat to which he had been elected, on the ground that he preferred to belong to the Academy at Port Royal, it has been *de rigueur* for candidates to announce their desires and to call on each of the Immortals. Jules Janin, after his first rejection, refused to make these visits, declaring he would sooner blow out his brains than repeat the experience, and he was elected. Flourens received Sainte-Beuve in the most gracious manner, pledged him his vote, and voted against him. One Immortal now-a-days receives candidates vicariously and votes according to the impression they make on his wife; another will not be seen till the aspirant has made at least twenty pilgrimages to his door; a third holds a levee while he is dressing, and then only. It was thus that old Royer-Collard greeted Alfred de Vigny, to whom he did not even offer a seat. "I never read anything new now-a-days," said the old man, "nor have I read anything new for the last twenty years—I only occupy myself in re-reading the classics." The justly infuriated author of "*Çinq Mars*" clapped on his hat and strode away, thundering that it must be a curious Academy where the members voted for candidates of whom they knew nothing. And yet when Baudelaire was a candidate for Scribe's seat, Alfred de Vigny in turn assured him that he knew nothing whatever of the "*Flowers of Evil*," or any other of the poet's work. History also repeated itself in the case of Viennet. In 1849, when the Duke of Noailles and M. de Priest were elected to succeed Chateaubriand and Vatout, such candidates as Dumas père, Balzac, Méry, Gautier, and Alfred de Musset being ignominiously rejected, Viennet expressed a fervent hope that his colleagues would elect a literary man once in a while, lest they should forget what sort of an animal a littérateur was; yet when Baudelaire called on Viennet, the Academician delivered to him an immortal allocution. "Monsieur," he said solemnly, "There are but five *genres*,—tragedy, comedy, epic poetry, satire and fugitive verse. The last includes fables—in which I excel!" Alfred de Vigny, on another memorable occasion, showed that he was as bad as old Royer-Collard. When Balzac first contested a seat Hugo alone voted for him; at his third trial Hugo, Lamartine, Empis and De Vigny supported his candidature; at the fourth De Vigny voted against him, because the author of the "*Human Comedy*" had seemed to slight him when declaring exultingly, "I have the support of Hugo and Lamartine!" Leconte de Lisle, Hugo's perpetual candidate, will never be elected till Hugo dies; reason—Hugo claims the sole credit of having discovered him, and the poet proudly insists that Hugo's one vote is "glory enough." And, while we are speaking of academical visits, it may be said that at least once a candidate avenged himself adequately upon his torturer. That was when Léon Gozlan, with malice prepense, waited on an aged Immortal and announced himself as a candidate. "I have never read any of your works," mumbled the old man, "at my age one only reads Racine. Besides, there is no vacant seat in the Academy." "Monsieur," said Gozlan, with a profound bow, "it is your seat I hope to occupy!" Heartless, but not more heartless than the assurance given to a candidate three years ago—that the academician's vote had been promised to another, but M. de Loménie would not last many months longer, and then!—

Chateaubriand got into the charmed circle by adroitly praising the good taste of the man who was feeding the pet poodle of the omnipotent Mme. Récamier with cakes. Philarète Chasles worked Heaven and earth for twenty-one mortal years to obtain a seat, and died without the pale, his tortures being enhanced by the fact that he had to report the receptions of his successful rivals, for the *Débats*. Henri Martin had been seventeen years a candidate when he was elected in 1878, and then he only got in because the Republicans wanted a Republican historian to eulogize Thiers, whose seat he occupies, and did not dare to trust the task to Taine. At the same election Taine was supported by the Catholics and Monarchists, who had previously defeated him, because of his leanings towards materialism, but who rallied to him on reading the preface to his book on the French Revolution. Politics and poverty make strange bed-fellows. If Taine had been allowed to put the scalpel into Thiers's "*History*,"—though dear knows the task is superfluous after the works of Barni, Charras, Lanfrey and others,—M. Mignet, the senior member of the Academy (who is familiarly known as "Thiers's twin"), would never again have set foot within the Academy's doors. Archbishop Dupanloup made a similar threat when Emile Littré was a candidate, and after the great lexicographer's admission, never crossed the threshold, though—oddly enough—he sat with him in the Senate. It was, by the way, decided in Mgr. Dupanloup's case, that an academician, once elected, cannot resign. The

only other immortal that ever "bulldozed" his fellows in a like unphilosophic manner, was Dupanloup's pet aversion—Voltaire, who, by threatening to resign, excluded M. de Brosses. But the complications brought about by M. Thiers's death did not cease with the election of M. Martin. The presiding officer, at the time of the great statesman's demise, was M. Emile Ollivier, the same who went to war with a light heart in 1870. Just before the Franco-Prussian war, M. Ollivier had been elected to the Academy to succeed Lamartine. He was made the victim of the catastrophe, not more unaccountably than Marshal MacMahon was made its hero, and, as in the course of a review of Lamartine's life, M. Ollivier would necessarily have vindicated himself at the expense of the Second and Third Republics, the Academy never allowed him to deliver his eulogy. Fortune, however, decreed that Napoleon's Liberal Premier should again worry the French Republicans, by ordaining that he should again receive M. Martin and reply to his eulogy on Thiers, and, as the Academy would not allow him to deliver the address he had prepared, it resulted that the most conspicuous man in the Republic of 1848 never had his eulogy pronounced, and that of the most conspicuous man in the Republic of 1870 was not spoken by the member to whom, by right, it should have been allotted.

This same practice of allowing political considerations to influence an election has not been without its comical consequences. Thus Jules Favre, Prévost-Paradol and Dufaure were elected by way of a guarded protest against the Second Empire and the policy of its ruler. When, according to invariable custom, Prévost-Paradol was introduced to the chief of the State, Napoleon did not turn his back on the new Immortal, as Louis Philippe once did under similar circumstances, but asked, blandly, "What books did you say the gentleman had written?" The sarcasm was just, though not as mordant as that concerning the Abbé Alary, of whom it was said, "What has he written? Why, his name." But Prévost-Paradol was a newspaper writer and reviewer of eminence, whereas neither Jules Favre nor Dufaure ever figures in the list of authors. When the Academy elected the Duke of Audiffret Pasquier, by way of an apology to the Conservatives for the choice of Renan, Taine and Martin, they selected a man whose name was not even to be found in a pamphlet, to say nothing of his remarkable spelling of "*Académie*" with two "c's." A few weeks ago it elected M. Rousse, a Conservative lawyer, to succeed Jules Favre, thus protesting against the Republican policy towards the congregations. Rousse never wrote anything, and is by no means the leading representative of the French bar. To express disapproval of the amnesty scheme, the Academy took into its bosom Maxime De Camp, who had written a history of the Commune, but could hardly be classed above the rank of a good reporter. It is not surprising that, under the operation of such a system, the Academy should have sunk to a decidedly low level. Voltaire, in his recently discovered "*Sottisier*," declares that it was a necessary institution in an age of ignorance and bad taste, but "had become ridiculous," and Emile Deschamps said, very neatly, that it was "better to have people say, 'Why is he not in the Academy?' than to have them say, 'How on earth did he get into the Academy?'" And though the Monthyon prizes and the other honors and rewards conferred by the Academy have done much good, we cannot conceive of anything more ridiculous than—the thing has happened within the last two years—Alexander Dumas distributing the rewards for virtue, and one of the virtuous gentlemen so rewarded being unable to attend and receive his prize, because he was serving a term of imprisonment for an outrageous assault.

LITERATURE.

"LES FEMMES QUI TUENT ET LES FEMMES QUI VOTENT."

M. Alexandre Dumas fils, of the French Academy, insists upon being taken seriously. He believes so profoundly in his own wisdom that he cannot withhold it from the public. Like his fellow dramatist and Academician, M. Victorien Sardou, he grapples with the question of the day—but with a difference. M. Sardou generally contents himself with firing a few newspaper epigrams at the unpopular side with the aid of some one of his wittily-wise characters, although at times he ventures, as in "*Rabagas*" and "*Daniel Rochat*," to personify a living issue and set it bodily before us. M. Dumas, conscious of his own philosophy, has in all his later plays, a mouthpiece for its outpouring; and some of these pieces have been so laden by the weight of the thesis that it has been hard for them to run. Not content with thus overloading the plays when they were seen on the stage, he took up his parable again in a preface sometimes longer than the play it preceded. Even this has not sufficed. The dramatist no longer gives the philosopher opportunity enough, or rather the philosopher is pushing the dramatist aside and taking his place. "*L'Homme Femme*," for instance, is a better piece of work and more successful than either of the plays which have followed it. And for nearly five years now M. Dumas has written no new play, but he has put forth half-a-dozen prefaces, a bulky book on "*La Question du Divorce*," and now a pamphlet of more than two hundred solid pages on "*Les Femmes qui tuent et les femmes qui votent*." (Paris: Calmann Lévy; New York: F. W. Christern.) This latest utterance contains little that is new to any one familiar with M. Dumas's other polemical writings; it is as characteristic as any, but perhaps a little more extravagant and illogical. There have been several

variations of the Laura Fair case in France, and there has been a reproduction of the refusal of the Smith sisters to pay taxes. From the first set of examples M. Dumas argues that until the French code is reformed by the institution of an action for bastardy and the re-establishment of divorce, woman will be justified in taking the law in her own hands and acting at once as jury and judge and executioner. From the second example M. Dumas argues that woman suffrage ought to be, and that it is only a question of time how soon it will come. His answer to the objection that woman has not the physical force to defend her choice, and cannot fight, is to cite (p. 102), Jeanne de France and Jeanne de Blois and Jeanne de Flandres and Jeanne de Hachette and Jeanne d'Arc, and to add that "no one of these women, having done in our day what they did in their own time, would be admitted to elect representatives in the country they had saved. *C'est bien comique*. And to the objections that a descent into the political arena would rob woman of her charms, M. Dumas responds that she would vote as gracefully as she does everything, having first made herself "*des cheveux à l'urne, des corsages au suffrage universel et des jupes au scrutin secret*." We fear that our own reformers will find M. Dumas very flippant.

DRIFT.

—*Appleton's Journal* announces that it will follow the growing customs of the reviews and magazines in treating of books by bringing them together in groups for critical analysis; since it is found that the single book notice is adequately done by the daily papers. It will make a specialty of translations of French and German novelettes, and a sub-editorial department will be added, under the title of "*Notes for Readers*," in which will be preserved many minor things in literature of interest to readers.

—Steel engraving has never entered so thoroughly into decorative printing as now, and never before has it made such pronounced demands upon the artist. Formerly it was confined to bank bills, bonds, letter heads, and other forms of commercial engraving. Messrs. John A. Lowell & Co., of Boston, have enlarged the field of the steel engraver and introduced a new phase of the printing art. The Christmas cards issued by this firm approach dangerously near the highest style of the steel engraver's art, and have added thereto the beauty and boldness of originality in design. Hardly two years ago this firm began the issue of cards for mercantile purposes, dinners, balls and the like, drawn by artists and engraved by artists. Ships, marine views, flowers, graciously intermingled, all more or less "Japanned" in treatment, were the first designs. These were so favorably received that a bolder step was taken, the designs were more carefully drawn, were furnished by artists of greater ability, and were more faithfully engraved. The business grew rapidly and soon had imitators in New York, Providence, London, Chicago, Paris, and elsewhere. Lithographers entered the field and copied the designs which to day are exceedingly popular. Deservedly so, for the work is the highest style of engraving after the new Scribner school in design, the most delicate tone effects are obtainable in the printing, and the pictures are more than worthy of frames. Three of the latest issued by Messrs. Lowell & Co. are carefully drawn figures of a beautiful woman, clad in the costume of an hundred years ago. The artist, F. D. Millet, has evidently drawn the pictures *con amore*, and the engraver has been no less faithful. The cards are excellent, and a marked advance over anything seen before.

—Among the later publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons, will be the new work of Isabella Bird, author of "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," entitled "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," including a visit to the shrines of Nikko and Ise, and to the aborigines of Yezo. The new volume by the Goodale Sisters, is to be entitled "All Round the Year, or Verses from Sky Farm," and will be issued in 16mo. form with illustrations. The list includes also "Womanhood," "Lectures on Woman's Work in the World," by the Rev. R. Heber Newton; "Harcun al Raschid, and Saracen Civilization," by Prof. E. H. Palmer; "A Doctor's Suggestions to the Community," by Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa; "Certain Forms of Nervous Derangement," by Dr. William A. Hammond; and the Literary and Political Education, First series, Nordhoff's "Politics for Young Americans," Johnson's "History of American Politics," Perry's "Introduction to Political Economy," and McAdam's "Alphabet in Finance." Early in the new year they will issue, by arrangement with the author, "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century," by W. H. Mallock, author of "Is Life Worth Living?"

—*Scribner's Monthly* announces that during the coming year it will contain engravings after the works of the following English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Russian, Polish, and Italian artists, besides the usual more or less familiar American names: Burne-Jones, Boughton, Boehm, Crane, Fildes, Sir John Gilbert, Herkomer, Hook, Hunt, Linton, Leighton, Leslie, Millais, Morris, Albert Moore, Macbeth, Marks, Prinsep, Poynter, Richmond, Rossetti, Alma-Tadema, Watts. French: Abbema, Berne-Bellecour, Detaille, De Neuville, Frère, Jacques, Lepic, Le Page, Millet, Manet, Alfred Stevens, Vibert. Dutch: Bisschop, Bosboom, Bloomers, Henkes, Israels, Mesdag, Sadie, Sang. Spanish: Gonzalez, Madrazo, R. Madrazo, Rico, Ribera. Hungarian: Munkacsy. Italian: De Nittis. Polish: Chelmonski. Russian: Charlemagne, Dmitrieff, Egoroff, Litovtschenko, Masoyedo, Tchoumakoff, Vereschagin.

—The programme of the Concord Summer School of Philosophy, for the season of 1881, has just appeared, with a very pretty vignette print of the Hillside Chapel adorning its first page. The school is to be "continued permanently from year to year." The average daily attendance last summer was about 70. The new lecturers on the list are: Miss E. P. Peabody, Mr. S. H. Emery, Jr., (one the managers of the school, a most genial gentleman and accomplished student of the Kantian system), who will give two lectures on *System in Philosophy*, President Noah Porter, of Yale College, and lastly Mr. E. C. Stedman, who reads, not a lecture, but a poem, at the opening of the school, July 10th, 1881.

—Mr. R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," will contribute another Dartmoor romance to *Good Words* for 1881.

—T. B. Peterson & Brothers have in press "Sabine's Falsehood," "La Cureau," by Emile Zola; "Videcq, the French Detective," "Madame Bovary," by Gustave Flaubert; "Bellah," a love story, by Octave Fenillet; "The Black Venus," by Adolphe Belot, and "My Hero," by Mrs. Forrester.

—In the next number of *Scribner's* there will be a remarkably acute and discriminating criticism on the "London Theatres," and of the chief English actors and actresses. It appears anonymously, but probably the intelligent reader will find no difficulty in deciding what American now resident in Europe must have written it. The article is admirably illustrated; in particular is a portrait of Mr. Henry Irving as Vanderdecken, in the "Flying Dutchman," strikingly fine. In the following number for February, the special midwinter issue, there is an amply illustrated article on "Foreign Actors in America," with portraits of Rachel, Ristori, Salvini, Janauschek, and Fechter.

—Mr. Andrew Lang, who seems to be industry itself, is preparing a volume on "The Library" for the Art-at-home series. Mr. Lang is one of the most apt and agreeable of modern writers on literary and bibliographical topics. He contributed, a year or two ago, to the *International Review* an interesting paper on "Bibliomania in France," and in his recent delightful little volume of "Ballads in Blue China," is more than one poem in praise of books.

THE STAGE.

THE FRENCH DRAMA OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

IT is not a little difficult for an American who sees for the first time the "Antony" of Alexandre Dumas, or the "Hernani" of Victor Hugo (both of which are soon to be acted throughout this country by Mlle. Bernhardt), to understand why these plays and their fellows created so great an excitement in France, and called forth so much controversy. Indeed, to understand, and still more to appreciate, the effect these plays made when originally produced in Paris, now fifty years ago, we must consider what was the state of French dramatic literature in the first quarter of this century.

Under the imperial rule of Napoleon, the position of the Parisian theatres was peculiar: they were limited in number, and the style of piece each was to perform was rigidly prescribed. The theatres were under the direct control of the general government, represented, at the fall of the empire, by M. de Rémusat. To one of these, the Théâtre Français, was reserved the exclusive right to the classic repertory, and the comedies and tragedies of Corneille, Molière, Racine, Regnard, Marivaux, Voltaire, and Beaumarchais could be seen nowhere else. This lack of liberty brought about the usual result of routine and restriction—a desolating monotony and a dearth of novelty. There was neither animation nor action; all was dull, dreary and common-place. At a minor theatre, now and then, there was an attempt at something less mannered; comic opera was beginning its lively career; the national *vaudeville* was getting ready for its regeneration at the hands of Scribe; and melo-drama, borrowed from Germany, was learning how to wring tears from all beholders. But the official theatre, and the official critics, chose to ignore even the existence of *vaudeville* and melo-drama, or, at best, to regard them as wholly inferior, because unliterary. Their attitude was not unlike that of a cultivated New Yorker toward the old Bowery Theatre; such a place might serve to amuse the vulgar throng, but it was too far removed from literature to call for criticism, or even consideration. The comedies and tragedies produced at the Théâtre-Français received all the more consideration and criticism; they were judged according to a most severe code; and if they were found wanting in any iota of dramatic decorum, condign punishment was at once vented upon the author. But, in general, authors and critics were perfectly agreed on what was fit and proper, and in accordance with the dignity of the drama. To be dignified was seemingly the chief end of the dramatist, so comedy and tragedy were always taking lessons in deportment. And so the desire to do nothing outside of the rules choked the life out of the play. The French dramatic literature of the beginning of this century is the empty echo of a hallowed past. Its aim was to equal Voltaire; now Voltaire admiringly copied Racine, and thus there was an imitation of an imitation. "French tragedy," said Goethe, "is a parody of itself," and if the great critic thought thus of the tragedy of Racine and Voltaire, what would he have thought of the tragedy of their feeble followers?

Ever since Corneille struggled against the critics who deemed him unacademic and half barbarian, French tragedy had been losing its freedom. The rules which pinioned Corneille, Racine's calmer genius worked under without revolt. It is pitiful to see how a strong man like Corneille did homage to the so-called three unities, in spite of his instinct that they were false. The French critics pretended to derive from Aristotle a law that a dramatic poem should show *one* action happening in *one* place in the space of *one* day; these were the unities of action, place and time. As to the unity of action there is no dispute; any work of art must have a single distinct motive. But the unity of time which compelled the hurried massing of all the incidents of a tale into the course of twenty-four hours, and the unity of place, which forbade all change of scene,—these were absurdities which the virile vigor of Corneille strove to evade since he did not dare dispute. The severe simplicity and stately dignity of the Greek drama, the outcome in great part of the physical conditions of the Greek theatre, were foreign to the turbulent and fiery tragedy of Corneille, produced under wholly different conditions. The Greek actor, raised in lofty buskins and speaking through a resonant mask, that he might be seen and heard by the vast multitude seated before him in the open amphitheatre, was thus hampered from all violent action and achieved perforce a certain stateliness. But the French actor, in the rich and elaborate costume of his own time, declaimed his verses in a small hall, before a select audience, many of whom had seats upon the stage, crowding the performers, with a small circle in front. To attempt to reproduce under these conditions the massive dignity of the Greek stage, was to attempt the impossible. Of a certainty, the result would be literary merely, and not life-like.

Racine, however, found his account in it. To him his characters were of first importance, and what they felt and thought and said; whereas, Corneille was concerned

chiefly with the action, the situations, bending his people to fit them. So when action was proscribed and little was done and everything was talked about, Corneille chafed against the tightening bonds, but Racine seemed to dance best in fetters. And as Racine came after Corneille, and became the foremost tragic writer of the magnificent court of Louis XIV., the courtly graces with which he had endowed tragedy were afterward inseparable from it. And so the frank and free-spoken tragedy of Corneille gave way before the fine-lady muse of Racine, not any weaker, it may be, but more polished and mannered. The twist once given the French tragic drama turned more and more away from nature and became more and more artificial and barren. Later came Voltaire, who was never tired of finding fault with Corneille, and had nothing but praise for Racine. Voltaire even refined on his predecessor; he had a horror of the colloquial; he screwed dramatic diction two or three turns higher and still farther from nature. For his fastidious taste even Greek tragedy was too simple and too familiar. He never by any chance allowed to pass any of those homely words which reach the heart so readily; these were banished and a dignified periphrasis took their place.

Voltaire, after all, was a man of genius, however false his doctrines, and the full feebleness of which French tragedy was capable when it was made according to his precepts, was evident only after his death and in the works of his followers, men of moderate talent, able to copy correctly the faults of their elders and betters. In their hands the tragic drama lost what little life it had left, and the red heels of Racine were given up for unmistakable stilts. There were not wanting those who now and then inveighed against long monologues and the two false unities and the device of confidants; but the admirers of "dignity" and "correctness" made a firm front against these barbarians. As time went on, tragedy went from bad to worse. Even in the hot days of the Revolution, even in the carnage of '93, the Comédie-Française continued to bring forth rapid and innocuous classical tragedies. With the return of order and the subsequent worship of republican Greece and Rome, the so-called classic drama got the benefit of the craze for antiquity. When Napoleon was First Consul, and after he was firmly seated on the throne, everything was still more pseudo-classic. In sculpture and in painting, as in tragedy, subjects were chosen almost exclusively from Greek and Roman history and legend. Napoleon was anxious to have a great poet to illustrate his reign, and he fostered tragedy as well as he knew how, but a great poet is not made to order, and never springs forward at a tyrant's beck.

The fall of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons made no change in literary fashion, in literature no more than in politics had the returning exiles learnt anything. They found the tragic drama what they had left it. The effort after "dignity" and "correctness" was getting almost painful. In the milk-and-water adaptation of "Othello," made by the good Ducis, Desdemona is not smothered, for the mention of so low and common a thing as a pillow would be fatal to the proper elevation of tragedy. Nor could the handkerchief be mentioned either. In short, all the words which Shakespeare was wont to use without stint, simply and nobly, were shunned and abandoned for a roundabout pomposity. The sticklers for dignity would not allow a question as to the time of day to be answered, "Tis twelve o'clock." No, a due regard for dignity demanded something like "The brazen tongue of time has told the midnight hour." And so the stiffness of the language corresponded to the immovability of the scene and emptiness of the action; and thus all directness and freedom and vigor was lost, and nothing remained. All over the tragic drama was the abomination of desolation.

Toward the end of the first quarter of this century, a change came over the spirit of the scene; there were wars, and rumors of wars. In art, in music, in literature there were signs of a general awakening. The publication of Victor Hugo's "Odes et Ballades" was the signal for a general revolt against the established forms. The influence of Goethe and Schiller, of Scott and Byron, of our own Cooper, began to be felt. That an artistic revolution impended was evident, although where the first rising might be expected was doubtful. But in 1827, the best actors of England, Kean, Young, Charles Kemble, and Macready, crossed the channel and revealed the English drama to the Parisians. No greater contrast could well be imagined than the tumultuous action of Shakespeare, and the decorous declamation of French classic tragedy. One enthusiastic admirer of the English performances said to Charles Kemble, "Othello! voilà, voilà la passion, la tragédie. Que j'aime cette pièce! il y a tant de *remue-ménage*!"

Shortly after the English actors left Paris, Victor Hugo wrote and published his preface to "Cromwell," a protest against the prevailing taste and a plan of reform. A little over a year later, Alexandre Dumas brought out his "Henri Trois" at the Théâtre Français, and the first acted drama of the Romanticists, as the younger generation called themselves, was a success; another year more, and "Hernani" came on the stage of the same theatre, and at the sound of his trumpet, the hollow walls of classicism fell with a crash. Another year, and "Antony" followed. The Romanticists were but a handful, like Jove's thunderbolts, and they annihilated the theatrical Titans who had overawed their predecessors.

TRADE, COMMERCE AND CROPS.

NATIONAL POLICY AND NATIONAL TRADE.

THE policy of the United States in regard to questions affecting foreign commerce has been substantially the same now for twenty years, or, since March, 1861: a commercial policy distinguished as protective, and often characterized as being restrictive of foreign commerce. For several years previous to 1860 the rates of duty were *ad valorem*, and, although large, in the European point of view, were practically

lower than the specific rates of subsequent tariff. To do justice to the comparison, and to elucidate the inequalities resulting from the periods of speculation and high prices, a still earlier period should be taken, say from 1835 to 1842, during which time the lowest rates of duty were imposed, and they were steadily undergoing reduction, and therefore presumably calculated to favor trade. Taking the value in millions of dollars, with the nearest fractions for these years, we have:

	Exports,	Imports.	Total.
1835	115½	136½	252
1836	124½	176½	301
1837	111½	130½	242
1838	105	96	201
1839	112½	156½	268½
1840	123½	98½	222
1841	111½	123	234½
1842	100	96	196
Eight years' average,	113	127	240
1st four " "	114	135	249
2d " " "	112	120	221

Thus, both the exports and imports declined during the entire period, and were 25 per centum less in the last year than in the first of this series. The imports also declined more than the exports. It is not easy to get a second period representing a distinct policy, but the eight years from 1853 to 1860 do so more nearly than any others; also in millions of dollars:

	Exports.	Imports.	Total.
1853	203½	263½	466½
1854	235½	297½	533
1855	219	258	477
1856	283½	310½	493½
1857	293½	348½	642
1858	272	263½	535½
1859	293	331½	624½
1860	333½	353½	687
Eight years' average,	267	303½	570
1st four " "	236	282½	518
2d " " "	298	324	622

During this period both exports and imports increased, comparing the first with the second half, each 25 per cent., or 3½ per cent. yearly; with some extreme irregularities, however, as in 1857 in excess, and 1858 in deficiency.

Passing over this period the war for three or four years rendered the condition unfavorable for any comparison, and the proper beginning is in 1865, from which time we have the free operation of the present protective policy, or rather, of high specific tariff, as contrasted with *ad valorem* tariffs. To begin in 1864 would show a year of large importations followed by small importations in 1865. In millions of dollars:

	Exports.	Imports.	Total.
1864	158½	316½	475½
1865	166	238½	404½
1866	348½	434½	783½
1867	294½	395½	690½
1868	282	357½	639½
1869	286	417½	703½
1870	392½	436	828½
1871	442½	520½	963
1872	444½	626½	1070½
1873	522½	642	1163½
1874	586½	567½	1154
1875	513½	533	1046½
1876	540½	460½	1001½
1877	602½	451½	1054
1878	695	437	1132
1879	710½	445½	1156½
1880	835½	668	1504½
First four years' average,	273	357	630
2d " " "	391½	500	891½
3d " " "	541	551	1091
4th " " "	711	501	1211

In this period, from which 1864 is excluded in calculating the averages, the advance is very rapid in the exports throughout, and if gold and silver were included it would appear much larger, while the imports would also show much heavier in the last part of the series. Including the gold and silver, the average imports of the last four years are 550 millions, and the average exports 745 millions, together 1295 millions. The most rapid and extraordinary advance of these movements has taken place since 1876, and some years since the last change in the law, which took place in 1872. There has been no change since that time in the commercial or revenue policy of the country, and it is impossible to ascribe any of the changes of the series last given to any changes of the laws imposing duties on imports.

The inference from these very remarkable figures is that the commercial activity of the people of this country is directly related to and dependent on their own prosperity. During the interval of eight years first cited, averaging forty years earlier than the last one, commerce steadily declined without regard to the favorable condition of the import duties, because the country was too much impoverished to support trade. During another period, averaging twenty years earlier than that last cited, commerce did improve, because the country was fairly prosperous, though irregularly so. But during the last sixteen years the increase in commerce has been rapid to a degree unprecedented in the history of this or any other country, and this, apparently, because of the remarkable internal prosperity generally prevailing. The severe and grinding poverty of the period from 1837 to 1842 is well remembered. There was no increase at all in commerce for six or seven years, although the duties on imports were very low. The country could not consume them.

It is noticeable that the export trade has gained 10 per cent. per annum for the last five years regularly, while the import trade, apparently declining from 1873 to 1879, gained suddenly in 1880 almost enough to cover the full amount of the decline; and for the totals, the sum of 1001 millions, in 1876 is increased 40 per centum in five years, or to 1504 millions in 1880.

FINANCE.

NEW YORK, December 2, 1880.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad Company was held this week, and the old board of directors was reelected. The synopsis of the company's annual report for the fiscal year ended September 30, 1880, showed the gross earnings to have been \$18,693,108, an increase of \$2,751,086 from last year, and the working expenses \$11,643,925, an increase of only \$469,227, leaving in excess of earnings of \$7,049,183, an increase of \$2,281,860. Adding "income from other sources," the total earnings were \$7,833,140, from which, deducting \$3,963,872, interest on bonded debt, and \$2,078,646 rentals of leased lines and "other charges," left the surplus \$1,790,620, an increase from last year of \$474,516. Instead of expending this surplus in a dividend in the preferred stock before the maximum amount of interest had been provided for, the management wisely invested it in new buildings and equipment, docks at Buffalo and Jersey City, and other permanent improvements to the property. The working expenses were only 62 per cent. of the earnings against about 70 per cent. for the previous year, the decrease being due to the greater economy with which the line can be worked with its improved facilities. This is strongly shown by the fact that while the total tonnage increased 503,251 tons, the freight train mileage decreased 295,946 miles. The expenses per ton per mile of freight decreased from the previous year $\frac{27}{100}$ cent. and of passengers $\frac{23}{100}$ cent. As regards passengers the number carried increased 596,904, but the earnings per passenger per mile showed a small decrease. While the coal movement of the road shows a decrease the receipts from the business have been decidedly larger.

The announcement of the successful conclusion of the negotiations for the floating of the loan required to complete the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Ocean, did not create the comment which it otherwise might have done, on account of the "street" having been previously practically assured of the event. It appears that the Drexel, Morgan & Co. syndicate has taken \$10,000,000 first mortgage six per cent. bonds of the company at 90, and holds privileges to take \$30,000,000 more within the next three years at about 92½. The syndicate names Mr. J. C. Bullitt, of Philadelphia, and Mr. John W. Ellis, of Messrs. Winslow, Lanier & Co., of this city, as its representatives in the board. At last it is probable that what was Jay Cooke & Co.'s poison would become other bankers' meat, and that the road will be completed within the next three or four years.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company finally has reached the Mecca of its desire,—it has opened its independent line to New York, and is now ready to send passengers to the South and to the West without dependence on the Pennsylvania Railroad for the use of the latter's line from New York to Philadelphia. Passenger trains began running yesterday, and while they are reported to have been somewhat behind time, the delay was not unexpected, considering the newness of all the arrangements. To-day, however, another feature was developed, and instead of opening its freight line on January 1st, as was set down on the books, the Baltimore and Ohio Company is compelled to open it at once. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company concluded that if its rival could carry passengers at once it could also carry freight, and to-day it gave notice that all Baltimore and Ohio freight taken by it to Philadelphia would be charged local rates to that city. Consequently, the Baltimore and Ohio was compelled to transfer its freight to the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and the latter road has placed its full facilities at the disposal of its friend. Heretofore, of course, the Pennsylvania has pro-rated with the Baltimore and Ohio on the latter's through traffic. Perhaps the new complication will bring about a war in both freight and passenger rates between the two rival lines before their relations in the trunk line pool are re-adjusted.

The week ended to-day has not been prolific of interesting financial events, strictly speaking, but the stock market has pursued a course likely to attract the eyes of many persons, both in and out of Wall street. The recent "bull" movement has been checked and the "bears" have swarmed in force to depress prices. The battle really began on Monday last, and at the close victory seemed to perch on the banners of both *ursa major* and *ursa minor*. On Friday there was a reaction from the "booming" prices of Wednesday, but on Saturday the stock market recovered a firm tone and closed apparently strong. On Monday, however, the long expected stringency in the money market was brought about, and prominent operators called in several million dollars of loans. The result was that, with brokers borrowing money at a commission of ¼ @ ¼ % per diem, in addition to the legal rate of interest, weak holders had to throw overboard their stocks, all the operators for an immediate turn enlisted on the "bear" side and the buying movement from outside was suspended. The next day money was squeezed even harder and the prices of stocks showed heavier declines, and, while there was a recovery yesterday on an easing up in the monetary stringency, to-day manipulation was again resorted to, and the stock market fell off again and closed weak.

The total transactions in stocks at the Stock Exchange amounted to 2,732,441 shares, against 2,810,326 shares last week (five days), and 1,971,957 shares for the previous week. The purchases and sales of the Erie common aggregated nearly 500,000, and of the Western Union over 400,000 shares. The general list closed below the final quotations of last week, and dividend-paying stocks are down along with other stocks, Northwest common closing ¾ per cent. lower; St. Paul common, 2¾; Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, 3; Rock Island, 1½; New York Central, 3¾; Lake Shore, 1¾; Michigan Central, 2; and Union Pacific, 3 per cent. lower. Erie common is also down 1¾ per cent., but Western Union closed unchanged. While Delaware, Lackawanna and Western ends a shade higher, its loss from the week's best price is over 3%, and the other two principal coal stocks, New Jersey Central and Delaware and Hudson—are down over 3%.

There has been no change in the general financial situation as we noted it last week. Railroad earnings continue enormous, and returns from thirty-four large roads for the first two weeks in November show an increase in gross earnings over the corresponding period last year of 25 per cent. The influx of specie from Europe also continues large. Nevertheless the immediate situation of affairs is such as to enable large operators to artificially affect the money market and thereby bring to bear on prices a tremendous agency of depression. The banks of this city have got their reserves over \$100,000 below the 25 per cent. limit fixed by law for the National banks, and the gold imports from Europe seem to be absorbed by the large demand for currency from the interior. Under these circumstances people who control several millions of loanable funds can produce great effect on the market for call loans; especially if, as is the case, they are able to command the co-operation of several of the large city banks. One of our banks, in particular, has been charged with refusing to sell the 6s of 1880, which it holds in heavy amounts, when offered the full sum payable on them the last day of the present month by a "bull" house which wished to unlock money. How long the squeeze of money can and will be kept up no one can say, and the immediate future of the stock market depends almost entirely on an answer to this conundrum.

Railroad bonds have been growing duller lately, and while the speculative issues sympathized more or less with the movement of the stock speculation, the investment classes show few yieldings in price at the close. The discouraging phase which the stock speculation has assumed has checked the recent free purchases, but few holders seem disposed to part with their possessions at current prices. The total transactions amounted to \$11,684,900 against \$20,456,000 last week. Government bonds latterly have been weak, the newer issues declining ¾ to over 1 per cent. on account of the firmness in money and the "bear" *reprise* in stocks. The sales, however, have been small. State bonds have been dull since Friday, and consequently prices show no noticeable movement.

Money, since Monday, has generally commanded a commission of $\frac{1}{10}$ @ $\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. per day in addition to the legal rate of 6 per cent. and the market ends close.

There was a further reduction by the New York associated banks last week of \$6,344,300 in deposits, but several circumstances combined to reduce the amount of reserve held by the banks. In the first place the continued practical suspension of bond purchases by the Government for the sinking fund is momentarily locking up about \$2,500,000 coin in the Treasury vaults to meet the 6s of 1880, which mature within a month. It was thought that the holders of those bonds would gladly accept 102¾ for them at a time when money was active, but the offerings continue to come in small amounts, and it is openly charged that some of the banks have lent their support to the "squeeze" in the money market by locking up as many of the 6s of 1880 as they could secure; their refusal to accept the full price that the Government will pay for them a month hence has given color to the charge. Temporarily the receipts of specie from Europe were unusually light, although the amount in transit was large, and the effect was necessarily reflected in the bank statement. To all of this must be added the shipments of specie to the interior, which appears to have exceeded \$2,000,000 during last week. The combined result of these changes, notwithstanding the heavy reduction in deposits, was a reduction in the total reserve of \$3,633,400, bringing the amount down to \$105,675 less than that required under the 25 % rule. Since the last bank statement was issued there have been large receipts of specie from Europe, and it is currently believed that the next statement will present a more favorable showing as regards reserves at least. The clearances last week were over a thousand million dollars, being the largest, probably, in the history of the New York Clearing House.

The public debt statement which has just been issued by the Government for month ending December 1, shows a reduction in the total debt, less cash in the Treasury for the past month of \$3,609,261, the reduction since June 30, 1880, amounting to \$37,291,128. The Treasury held in gold coin and bullion on December 1, \$151,362,519, being an increase for the month of \$10,636,567. The increase in standard silver dollars was only \$312,994. The Bureau of Statistics furnishes a statement for the month of October and for the current year to that date, from which it appears that the total exports of merchandise for that month were valued at \$85,659,325, while the imports were \$54,002,141, showing an excess of exports over imports of \$31,657,184; the excess for the corresponding month last year was \$39,944,857. For the ten months ending October 31, the exports were \$707,757,159, an excess over the imports of \$105,458,320, while for the corresponding ten months of last year the exports exceeded the imports \$201,443,193. The specie (mostly gold) importations during the month under review were \$17,334,196, and since January 1, \$56,845,379, while for the twelve months ending October 31, they were \$83,300,940.

The Philadelphia market has been devoid of any features of special interest. There has been less stringency in the money market than in New York, because it has not been so much the subject of manipulation, and the prices of stocks have fluctuated within comparatively narrow ranges. Except Reading, which is ¼ higher, the most active stocks are lower than they were a week ago, Pennsylvania Railroad showing a decline of 1¼ at 61½; Northern Pacific, common, ¾ at 33, and the preferred 1¼ at 63½. Pittsburg, Titusville and Buffalo and Northern Central are both unchanged at 17 for the former and 43 for the latter stock. Reading has felt the beneficial influences of a prospective change in the management of the company, or at least such a prospect has been used to influence the market price of the stock. It is not to be denied that notwithstanding the company is in the hands of the Court the management continues to be that of Mr. Gowen, but it is evident by his circular issued yesterday to the stockholders of the company, that he fears a change may take place at the annual election next month in the presidency, which would doubtless be followed by a change in the receivership.

WHAT IS SAID OF THE AMERICAN.

AT HOME.

THE AMERICAN is a paper of sixteen pages, a little larger than the pages of *The Nation*, and typographically is all that could be desired. The leading editorials are upon political topics but there is a fair assortment of lighter matter, including several well written articles upon literary topics, and though it is not always just to judge of a new paper by the first number, such judgment would not be unfavorable to THE AMERICAN, since this first number is more than promising. * * * It is to be the advocate of that advanced school of politics of which Prince Bismarck is the most conspicuous living exemplar, and of which Professor Thompson is the most consistent advocate among American writers. It will spell nation with a very large N. * * * That THE AMERICAN will have the courage of its opinions and will defend them with ability may be taken for granted, * * * and the reader will find much instruction in its broad columns.—Philadelphia Times.

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Before your letter came it was my intention to tell you how much I am pleased with the spirit and tone of the paper, and how heartily I wish it God-speed.—Prof. Henry Coppée, Lehigh University.

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